Methodist
Wesley
ZHX

Robt Mumby
141 Fulton St
June 12 = 1840
to
James Foley
1841

Methodist, 1839.

ZHX

A

# COLLECTION

OF

# HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

PRINCIPALLY FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

*Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.*

REVISED AND CORRECTED,

WITH THE NAMES OF THE TUNES IN THE HARMONIST AFFIXED TO EACH HYMN.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT,

AND AN INDEX TO THE SUBJECTS OF THE HYMNS.

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"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being." Psa. civ. 33.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." 1 Cor. xix. 15.

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NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY T. MASON AND G. LANE,

FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT THE CONFERENCE OFFICE, 200 MULBERRY-STREET.

*J. Collord, Printer.*

1839.

TO

THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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THE Hymn Book heretofore in use among us has been thought by many to be defective, partly on account of the mutilated state of many of the hymns, and partly because of its being divided into two books. To remedy these inconveniences, measures have been adopted to prepare a revised edition of our Hymn Book, such a one as should exclude the defects and retain the excellences of the one heretofore published. This revised edition we now present to you.

The greater part of the hymns contained in the former selection are retained in this, and several from Wesley's and Coke's collections, not before published in this country, are added. The principal improvements which have been made, consist in restoring those which had been altered, as is believed, for the worse, to their original state,

as they came from the poetical pen of the Wesleys: for the following hymns were, except a few which have been taken from other authors, composed by the Rev. John and Charles Wesley; names that will ever be held dear and in high estimation by every lover of sacred poetry.

The following hymns, arranged under their appropriate heads, were submitted to our General Conference, approved by that body, and ordered for publication.

In presenting this revised Hymn Book to you for your use, we humbly trust that we are putting into your hands one of the choicest selections of evangelical hymns, suitable for private devotion as well as for family, social, and public worship, by which you will be much aided in the performance of these important parts of divine service.

We are the more delighted with this design as no personal advantage is concerned but the public good alone.—For after the necessary expenses of publication are discharged, we shall make it a noble charity, by applying the profits arising therefrom to religious and charitable purposes.

No motive of a sinister nature has therefore influenced us in any degree to publish this excellent compilation. As the profits of the

former editions have been scrupulously applied as above, so the same appropriation of the profits of the present shall be conscientiously observed. We must, therefore, earnestly entreat you, if you have any respect for the authority of the Conference, or of us, or any regard for the prosperity of the Church of which you are members and friends, to purchase no Hymn Books but what are published by our own Agents, and signed with the names of your Bishops. And as we intend to keep a constant supply, the complaint of our congregations, "that they cannot procure our Hymn Books," will be stopped.

We exhort you to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also; and thus may the high praises of God be sent up from east to west, from north to south; and we shall be happily instrumental in leading the devotion of thousands, and shall rejoice to join you in time and eternity.

We are, dear brethren,

Your faithful pastors in Christ,

Robert R. Roberts,
Joshua Soule,
Elijah Hedding,
James O. Andrew,
Beverly Waugh,
Thomas A. Morris.

## NOTICE.

In this improved edition of the Methodist Hymn Book, the tunes adapted to the hymns, as contained in the lately revised and enlarged *Harmonist*, are named at the head of each hymn, together with the *page* of the Harmonist at which the tune may be found. The page of the Harmonist is signified by the letter "p." following the name of the tune.

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## CAUTION.

All persons desirous of possessing the true revised and improved official edition of the Methodist Hymn Book, with the Supplement, are advised to be careful to examine the *imprint*, and to purchase those only published by our General Book Agents, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, or by the Agents at Cincinnati.

A

# COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

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## AWAKENING AND INVITING.

— 1

*Majesty*—p. 49.] HYMN 1. C. M.

### FIRST PART.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for *me*.

5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

SECOND PART.

LOOK unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

*Calvary*—p. 237.] HYMN 2. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

*Forest*—p. 76.] HYMN 3. L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conq'ring love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

7 This is the time, no more delay!
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

*Benevento*—p. 222.] HYMN 4. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, y[illegible] thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why!
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin:
Dead to God, while here you breathe;
Pant you after second death?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

*Alfreton*—p. 77.] HYMN 5. L. M.

FIRST PART.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

*Wayland*—p. 82.] SECOND PART.

COME, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored:
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

*Portsmouth*—p. 185.] HYMN 6. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great high priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

*Confidence*—p. 285.] HYMN 7. 13th P.M. 10 10, 11 11

O ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw near:
He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out his hands;
Now, now to receive you, he graciously stands.

2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord;
In him a pure river of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord! thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, send down from above
The Spirit of power, of health, and of love:
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom and prayer, of joy and of praise:

6 The Spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, and brings us to God;
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain that washes us clean.

*Confidence*—p. 285.] HYMN 8. 13th P.M. 10 10, 11 11.

THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to thy word, so loving and kind:

Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I show,
I set to my seal that Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call,
O come to my Saviour, his grace is for all.

3 To save what was lost from heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name!
He offers you pardon; he bids you be free;
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me!"

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you;
The publican's friend, and advocate too:
For you he is pleading his merits and death;
With God interceding for sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit his grace to receive:
Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe:
We all are forgiven for Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven, his merits we take.

*Bethany*—p. 217.] HYMN 9. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown!
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;

Ye may now be happy too,
  Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
  Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
  God's great gift to all mankind.
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!

*Howard*—p. 1.] HYMN 10. C. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
  For you he suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood:
  And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
  Your basest crimes he bore;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
  That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
  That you might come to heaven:
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
  And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee,
  And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
  And thou art justified.

*Broomley*—p. 95.] HYMN 11. L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
  No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take,
  Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliverer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

*Bishop*—p. 73.] HYMN 12. L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace is free for all."

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share;
And taste that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

*Parma*—p. 25.] HYMN 13. C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join:
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

*Edgefield*—p. 232.] HYMN 14. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

FIRST PART.

LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirits downward go.
Ye for higher ends were born;
Ye may all to God return:
Dwell with him above the sky:
Why will ye for ever die?

2 Ye on whom he favours showers,
Ye, possess'd of nobler powers;
Ye, of reason's powers possest;
Ye, with will and mem'ry blest;
Ye, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God:
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

3 Ye who own his record true;
Ye, his chosen people too;
Ye, who call the Saviour, Lord,
Ye, who read his written word:

Ye, who see the gospel light,
Claim a crown in Jesus' right;
Why will ye, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

*Brown*—p. 226.] SECOND PART. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn:
By his life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive;
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me,—
Me, who life to none deny;
Why will ye resolve to die?"

4 Can ye doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his *word* receive?
Will ye not his OATH believe?
See, the suffering God appears;
Jesus weeps, believe his tears!

Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

*Fremmington*—p.167.] HYMN 15. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all th' apostate race,
But may in him salvation find!
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God, is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home;
He all day long spreads out his hands;
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in his breast;
Believe, and he will give you rest.

4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt,
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in no wise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me:
I can to none myself deny;
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

*Omnipotence*—p. 168.] HYMN 16. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

SINNERS, believe the gospel word,
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have;
May now be saved whoever will:
This man receiveth sinners still.

2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure!
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?

3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?

4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint:
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shed'st his blood,
That with his tears for thee hath flow'd.

*Peckham*—p. 119.] HYMN 17. S. M.

SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace:
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race:
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And vials full of wrath divine
Are bursting on your head.

2 Enter into the rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in:
To shelter the distrest
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord
Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.

4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay;
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey:
Our life with thee we hide
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

5 Believing against hope,
We hang upon thy grace,
Through every low'ring cloud look up,
And wait for happy days:
The days when all shall know
Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

*Confidence*—p. 285.] HYMN 18. 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

YE thirsty for God, To Jesus give ear,
And take, through his blood, A pow'r to draw near;
His kind invitation, Ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, Salvation by grace.

2 Send down from above, Who governs the skies,
In vehement love, To sinners he cries,
"Drink into my Spirit, Who happy would be,
And all things inherit, By coming to me."

3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, Thy grace to receive:
The blessing is given Wherever thou art:
The earnest of heaven Is love in the heart.

4 To us at thy feet, The Comforter give:
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and live;
The weakest believers Acknowledge for thine
And fill us with rivers Of water divine!

*Magdalen*—p. 84.] HYMN 19. L. M. (13)

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

*Arlington*—p. 3.] HYMN 20. C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to death:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin,
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

*Woodland*—p. 13.] HYMN 21. C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,

Accept the evening sacrifice
  Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
  And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
  Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
  Nor feels his want of thee;
A stranger to the blood which bought
  His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
  His desperate state explain:
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
  And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
  And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
  The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
  To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
  That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
  Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
  Continually forsake.

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
  And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
I must be born again, or die
  To all eternity!"

*Randall*—p. 16.] HYMN 22. C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
  Thy power to us make known;

Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn!
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desp'rate state, through sin, declare,
And speak our sins forgiven:
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

*Greenwalk*—p 69.] HYMN 23. C. M.

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,

Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive.

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah! no;—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now:
From every sin depart;
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

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## PENITENTIAL.

*New Kingswood*–p.278.] HYMN 24. 12th P.M. 76,76,78,76

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away!
From this bondage, Lord, release:
No longer let me be opprest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?

No, my God, I cannot doubt
  Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
  And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
  And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want;
  Be that to others given:
Only for thy love I pant;
  My all in earth or heaven;
This is the crown I fain would seize,
  The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
  And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
  And then resign my breath;
Join the happy few whose love
  Was mightier than death!
Let it not my Lord displease,
  That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
  And take me to thy breast!

*Shoel*—p. 91.] HYMN 25. L. M.

O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear!
  Thy words to hear, thy power to feel:
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
  And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
  No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
  And wait thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
  The same from age to age endure:
A word, a gracious word of thine,
  The most invet'rate plague can cure.

4 Helpless, howe'er, my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool,
A word of thine shall make it rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen or eight-and-thirty years,
Or thousands, are alike to thee:
Soon as thy loving grace appears,
My plague is gone, my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour!
Come, O my soul's physician, thou!
Display thy sanctifying power,
And show me thy salvation now.

*Waverly*—p. 72.] HYMN 26. L. M.

MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me!
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers!
Thy agony and sweat of blood!
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears!
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

4 Art thou not touch'd with human wo?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

7 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The sun of righteousness shall rise.

8 With labour faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

*Devizes*—p. 14.] HYMN 27. C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

*Quincy*—p. 179.] HYMN 28. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry,
To thee I look, my heart prepare;
Suggest and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since, by thy light, myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee:
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan!
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

5 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal:
Ah, give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

*Golden Hill*—p. 120.] HYMN 29. S. M.

O THAT I could repent,
O that I could believe!

Thou by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave:
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
The hind'rance now remove;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love:
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

*Penitence*—p. 280.] HYMN 30. 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.

Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If I now myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man;
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Look as when thy languid eye
  Was closed that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die
  My Saviour gasp'd,) "forgive."
Surely with that dying word
  He turns and looks and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
  Thou break'st my heart of stone.

*Euphrates*—p. 274.] HYMN 31. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

LET the world their virtue boast,
  Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
  Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
  This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
  But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
  Like Jordan's swelling stream:
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
  And give the praise to him;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
  His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
  But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found,
  Unwater'd still and dry;
While the dew on all around
  Falls plenteous from the sky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
  The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of sinners am,
  But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely he will lift *me* up,
  For I of him have need;

I cannot give up my hope,
  Though I am cold and dead:
To bring fire on earth he came;
  O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
  But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
  And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
  I shall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
  Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
  But Jesus died for me.

*Virginia*—p. 69.] HYMN 32. C. M.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
  Whom angels dimly see;
Will the unsearchable be found,
  Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
  Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou man of grief and love,
  And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
  Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of man,
  The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
  And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
  And my Redeemer know?

5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
  The heights and depths of grace,

The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

7 JEHOVAH in thy person show,
JEHOVAH crucified!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

*Brighton*—p. 143.] HYMN 33. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourner blest,
And lo! for thee I ever mourn;
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only rest, return;
Till thou the prince of peace appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see;
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

4 Ah! Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
  Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
  Mark what my lab'ring soul would say;
Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,
And show that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
  Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul "Thy light is come,
  Glory divine is risen on thee;
Thy warfare 's past, thy mourning 's o'er;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
  And trust thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
  Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

*Wells*—p. 91.] HYMN 34. L. M.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
  And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
  What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
  Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
  Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
  Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
  Alas! they all must flow in vain:

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
  Must take the path thyself hast show'd·

Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone :
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust ;
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast ;
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face ;
On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died !

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree ;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head ;
'Tis finish'd ! he hath died for me !

9 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer !
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there !

10 He ever lives for me to pray ;
He prays that I with him may reign ;
Amen, to what my Lord doth say !
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

*Hotham*—p. 223.] HYMN 35. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

*Peru*—p. 199.] HYMN 36. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art:
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;

The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

*Sunbury*—p. 141.] HYMN 37. S. M.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart!

Some cursed thing unknown
  Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
  Some secret bosom sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
  Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
  What keeps me back from thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
  Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
  And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee
  Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
  O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
  Which thou wouldst fain remove,
Remove it, and I shall declare
  That God is only love.

*Bellville*—p. 144.] HYMN 38. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the just,
  My friend and advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that feign would trust
  In him who lived and died for me.
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If drawn by thine alluring grace,
  My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face,
  What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal;
Thy co-eternal Son display,
And speak my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart:
  Command the light of faith to shine;

To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be;
O God, let there be faith in me!

*Atwood*—p. 262.] HYMN 39. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s

COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast!
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance in rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load·
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with thy blood

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And tried by the lure of thy love
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert:
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore;

My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love;
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
True witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

*Windham*—p. 115.] HYMN 40. L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great high priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

*Euphrates*—p. 274.] HYMN 41. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76

TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast:
A covert from this tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place;
O descend on me and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace!
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun:
Be my shelter from the storm.
My shadow from the sun;
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want,
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,

Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven;
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

*Rosetta*—p. 71.] HYMN 42. C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire!
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend:
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

*Hotham*—p. 223.] HYMN 43. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;

Tarry till thy Lord appears,
  Never, never, quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
  Dare not set thy God a time:
Calmly for his coming stay,
  Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong:
  Wait the coming of thy Lord,
Though it seem to tarry long,
  True and faithful is his word;
On his word my soul I cast,
  (He cannot himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last:
  It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find;
  Every one that asks shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
  Willing, able all to save;
I shall his salvation see:
  I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
  Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
  Weak and helpless as I am;
Surely thou canst make me stand;
  I believe in Jesus' name;
Saviour in temptation thou,
  Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now:
  Thou shalt save me evermore.

*Axbridge*—p. 17.] HYMN 44. C. M.

WHY should the children of a king
  Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
  The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood:
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
Safely convey me home!

*Nichols*—p. 28.] HYMN 45. C. M.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move:
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good:
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy dove, from th' hea'enly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

*Fountain*—p. 29.] HYMN 46. C. M.

GOD is in this and every place!
But O! how dark and void;
To me 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart:
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown;
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 A darker soul did never yet
Thy promised help implore:
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more!

6 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

*Devotion*—p. 46.] HYMN 47. C. M.

THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare:
God, inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer!

A sinner welt'ring in his blood,
  Unpurged and unforgiven;
Far distant from the living God,
  As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man,
  To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
  And raise me from my fall.
The darkness which through thee I feel
  Thou only canst remove;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
  Thy everlasting love.

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
  That grace may let me go;
In hope, believing against hope,
  I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
  Thou wilt thy light afford;
Bound and opprest, yet thine I am,
  The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit;
  I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
  Nor let me cry in vain.
Show me the blood that bought my peace,
  The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
  And all my sins shall die.

5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend,
  The mountain sin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
  If thou art truth and love.
Speak, Jesus, speak into my heart,
  What thou for me hast done!
A ray of living faith impart,
  And God is all my own.

*Windham*—p. 115.] HYMN 48. L. M.

THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!

2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire:
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heighten'd fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me

*Valentia*—p. 104.] HYMN 49. L. M.

LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which O, too often wounds my heart!

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more exposed, no more undone;
But live and grow to thee alone?

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee, my way, to thee, my end!

*Surrey*—p. 106.] HYMN 50. L. M.

O GOD, to whom in flesh reveal'd
The helpless all for succour came:
The sick to be relieved and heal'd,
And found salvation in thy name:

2 With publicans and harlots, I,
In these thy Spirit's gospel days,
To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,
And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou seest me helpless and distress'd,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary, I come to thee for rest,
And, sick of sin, implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease,
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge the foul inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me,
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee!

*Brentford*—p. 111.] HYMN 51. L. M.

JESUS, thy far-extended fame,
My drooping soul exults to hear
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have,
The good, the kind physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear;
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still thy healing power is here.

6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore;
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou wilt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now, on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow,

*Emory*—p. 217. HYMN 52. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
Save me!—from thy lofty throne
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All mine inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucify'd my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord"

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God be merciful to me!"

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;

Show me the atoning blood
When my strength and spirits fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

*New-Haven*—p. 21.] HYMN 53. C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

*Guilford*—p. 140.] HYMN 54. S. M.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart:

2 A heart with grief oppress
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire:
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire;

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

*Sunbury*—p. 141.] HYMN 55. S. M

O THAT I could revere
My much-offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threat'ning move:
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

2 Show me the naked sword
Impending o'er my head:
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed!
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare:
Nor ever in my judge's eye
My judge's anger dare.

3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
The tender fleshly heart:
For Jesus' sake alone,
The stony heart remove:
And melt at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of love.

*Warwick*—p. 47.] HYMN 56. C. M.

ENSLAVED to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good:
Father, our helplessness we own,
And, trembling, taste our food.

2 Trembling we taste; for ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead:
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.

3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

4 Grov'ling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal:
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

5 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give;
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live.

6 The bondage of corruption break;
For this our spirits groan:
Thy only will we fain would seek,
O save us from our own:

7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide;
Let all our actions tend
To thee, their source; thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.

8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be;
Sense shall point out the road;
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God.

*Kingswood*—p. 277.] HYMN 57. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

WRETCHED, helpless, and distrest,
Ah! whither shall I fly!
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:

Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
  Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
  My help, my all in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
  Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
  And my whole head is faint:
Full of putrefying sores,
  Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
  And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
  My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
  Of peace I cannot find:
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
  And take, O take the veil away,
Turn my darkness into light;
  My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
  Forsaken, and alone:
Unrenew'd, and unrestored,
  I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle spread,
  Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
  And wrap me in thy love!

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
  And would be poorer still;
See my wretchedness and shame,
  And all my vileness feel.
No good thing in me resides,
  My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
  And I am fill'd with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want:
Be the wand'rer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor:
In thee may I my Eden find:
To the dying, health restore,
And eye sight to the blind.

7 Clothe ~~me with thy~~ holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me thy glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee:
Let thine image be restored,
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love,

*Tremont*—p. 60.] HYMN 58. C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

2 Ent'ring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven!

And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

*Tunbridge*—p. 113.] HYMN 59. 1st P. M 6 *lines* 8s.

WHEN my relief will most display
Thy glory in thy creature's good,
Then, Jesus, take the veil away,
Sprinkle me with th' atoning blood;
The power of living faith impart,
And breathe thy love into my heart.

2 Jesus, the promised help supply;
Support the feeble, fainting mind;
Nor let me from thy presence fly,
But seek till I acceptance find:
But ask till I am saved from sin,
And knock till mercy takes me in.

*Gilman*—p. 170.] HYMN 60. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose;
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wander'd to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;

Back to my God at last I fly;
For O, the waters still are high.

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor flutt'ring soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.

4 Fill with inviolable peace;
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart:
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

*Sherburne*—p. 196.] HYMN 61. 4th P. M. 886, 886

15 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who would'st not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face;
Work in my heart the saving grace
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the grace is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for ALL.

4 Thou bidst us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:

Thou bidst us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

*Aylesbury*—p. 140.] HYMN 62. S. M.

AND wilt thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace:
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease!

6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

*Canterbury New*—p. 52.] HYMN 63. C. M.

FIRST PART.

JESUS, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name!

2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise:
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound;
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by!
O let me find thee near:
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou son of David, hear!

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

*Gainsborough*—p. 7. SECOND PART.

WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesus' name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesus' name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey!

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am:
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesus' name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain:
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

*Geneva*—p. 65.] HYMN 64. C. M.

LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.

2 Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sin depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored:

4 Restored by reconciling grace;
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

6 My God, through Jesus pacified;
My God, thyself declare;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there!

*Shoel*—p. 91.] HYMN 65. L. M.

LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel:
I cannot till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give:
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call;
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure;
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

*Armley*—p. 114.] HYMN 66. L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee:
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 Awake, the woman's conquering seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

4 The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

5 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

6 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died."

*Watchman*—p. 118.] HYMN 67. S. M.

FIRST PART.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from wo,
Thou didst with all things part
Didst lead a suff'ring life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

## SECOND PART.

*Little Marlborough*—p. 141.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know:
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

*Lanesborough*—p. 5.] HYMN 68. C. M.

FIRST PART.

O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow!

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threat'ning looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesus' name.

9 Salvation in that name is found,
  Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my every wound,
  All, all I want is there.

SECOND PART.

*New-Bedford*—p. 19.

JESUS! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
  The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
  And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
  And life and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
  And Jesus prove to me!

3 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
  For thou that faith hast given;
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
  And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
  Thou wilt victorious prove:
For everlasting strength is thine,
  And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
  Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
  And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
  Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
  Shall rise and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
  The blind his sight receive;
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice;
  The heart of stone believe.

8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin;
The dead shall feel thy power;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

*Aithlone*—p. 200.] HYMN 69. 4th P. M. 886, 886

FIRST PART.

THEE, Jesus, thee, the sinner's friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.

2 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrow feel its part,
And at my tears relent;
My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.

3 Give me the grace, the love I claim;
Thy Spirit now demands thy name!
Thou know'st the Spirit's will;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.

4 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan!
O make to me thy nature known;
Thy hidden name impart!
(Thy name and nature are the same)
Tell me thy nature, and thy name,
And write it on my heart.

*Emona*—p. 202.] SECOND PART.

PRISONER of hope, to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:

Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
Thy mystic name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me!

2 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of hosts, thy glorious name,
"The Lord, the gracious Lord;
Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word."

3 Plenteous he is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning grace for all is free;
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.

4 Mercy he doth for thousands keep;
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wand'rer home:
And every soul that sheep might be;
Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come.

5 Take me into thy people's rest,
O come, and with my sole request,
My one desire comply!
Make me partaker of my hope,
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy bosom die!

*Hedding*—p. 203.] HYMN 70. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

STILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace;
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove:
Appear and banish my complaint;
Come and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love!

2 O! conquer this rebellious will:
Willing thou art, and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh:
The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye;
Why am I thus? O tell me why
I cannot love my God?
The hind'rance must be all in me:
It cannot in my Saviour be;
Witness that streaming blood!

4 It cost thy blood my heart to win:
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

*Wells*—p. 91.] HYMN 71. L. M.

GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days:
While, mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void!
Enlarge my heart to compass thee!

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more:
Thy mercies to my soul reveal!
Alas! I *see* their endless store;
But, O, I cannot, cannot *feel*.

5 The blessing of thy love bestow,
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

6 I'll weary thee with my complaint;
Here at thy feet for ever lie;
With longing, sick; with groaning, faint;
O give me love, or else I die.

7 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home!
Be mindful of thy gracious word!
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

8 Prepare, and then possess my heart;
O take me, seize me from above!
Thee may I love, for God thou art;
Thee may I feel, for God is love!

*Ward*—p. 383.] HYMN 72. L. M.

FAIN would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
To feel my pardon seal'd in blood:
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

2 Freed from the power of cancell'd sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within,
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

3 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows:
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my spouse.

4 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joy in thee there is;
Without, 'tis misery all, and wo.

*Gainsborough*—p. 7.] HYMN 73. C. M.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

*Morrison*—p. 112.] HYMN 74. L. M.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free!

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 And well I know thy tender love;
Thou never canst unfaithful prove:
And well I know thou stand'st by me,
Pleased, from myself, to set me free.

4 Still will I watch and labour still
To banish every thought of ill;
Till thou, in thy good time appear,
And sav'st me from the fowler's snare.

5 Already springing hope I feel,
God will destroy the power of hell;
God from the land of wars and pain,
Leads me where peace and safety reign.

6 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless age shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

*Greenwalk*—p. 69.] HYMN 75. C. M.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight!

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

*Kingsbridge*—p. 117.] HYMN 76. L. M.

OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that blest something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

*Liberty*—p. 146.] HYMN 77. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

*Wrestling Jacob.*

FIRST PART.

COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;

But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long:
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;

Through faith I see thee face to face;
  I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
  Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
  But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of righteousness on me
  Hath rose, with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee
  My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
  I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
  On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
  Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
  And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

*Broadmead*—p. 150.] HYMN 78. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
  Whom ~~I would gladly die~~ to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
  And show me all thy goodness, show;
Jesus, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

only, I desire

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
  Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known!
I claim thee with a falt'ring tongue;
  I pray thee in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art!
And speak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkest by the way
  With such an abject worm as me,
The mystery of grace display;
  Open mine eyes that I may see:
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out,—"It is the Lord!"

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## DESCRIBING FORMAL RELIGION.

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*Wilmington*—p. 12.] HYMN 79. C. M.

LONG have I seem'd to serve Thee, Lord,
  With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
  And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
  And near thy altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
  The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
  Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
  And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus at length I see,
  Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
  Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
  Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
  Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
  Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,
  The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
  What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
  'Tis thou must make it new.

*Oldford*—p. 125.] HYMN 80. S. M.

FIRST PART.

MY gracious, loving Lord,
  To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
  And scarce presume to pray!
Ten thousand wants have I;
  Alas! I all things want!
But thou hast bid me always cry,
  And never, never faint.

2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
  Fear e'en to ask thy grace;
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
  And mock'd thee to thy face:
With all pollutions stain'd,
  Thy hallow'd courts I trod;
Thy name and temple I profaned,
  And dared to call thee God.

3 Nigh with my lips I drew;
  My lips were all unclean:
Thee with my heart I never knew;
  My heart was full of sin:

Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven;
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiven.

4 My nature I obey'd;
My own desires pursued:
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd house of God.
The worship he approves,
To him I would not pay;
My selfish ends, and creature loves,
Had stole my heart away.

5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise;
Spoke to my soul a flattering peace
And put out my own eyes:
In fig leaves I appear'd;
Nor with my form would part;
But still retain'd a conscience sear'd,
A hard, deceitful heart.

SECOND PART.

A GODLY, formal saint,
I long appear'd in sight;
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white
The Pharisee within
Still undisturb'd remain'd;
The strong man, arm'd with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reign'd.

2 But, O! the jealous God,
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
And claim'd me for his own.
My spirit he alarm'd,
And brought into distress;

He shook and bound the strong man arm'd
In his self-righteousness.

3 Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower:
My mouth was stopt, and shame
Cover'd my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.

*Litchfield*—p. 11.] HYMN 81. C. M.

STILL, for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!

3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve!
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work; and own the labour vain;
And thus from works I cease:
I strive; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;

They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesus, thou great eternal mean,
I look for all from thee!

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## ON BACKSLIDING.

*Albany*—p. 157.] HYMN 82 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn,
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert;
  The veil of sin again remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
  And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
  And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears;
  To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck.

6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
  That trembles at th' approach of sin:
A godly fear of sin impart;
  Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend thee more.

*Kingswood*—p. 277.] HYMN 83. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear,
  Yet once again I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
  For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release,
  A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
  And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
  Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
  An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
  And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
  And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning power,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

4 From th' oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free:
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity:
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

5 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire;
Perfect me in holiness;
Thine image to my soul restore,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

*Providence*—p. 276.] HYMN 84. 12th P.M. 76,76,78,76

SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath raised me up;
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving kindness show;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;

Save me with thine outstretch'd hand,
And show forth all thy power;
O be mindful of thy word!
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart;
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd,
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

5 Never let me go, till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the region of the sky,
And take my seat above;
See thee by all heaven adored,
And all thy glorious fulness know,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

*Euphrates*—p. 274.] HYMN 85. 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

LORD, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?

Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.

2 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel;
If even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal:
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace:
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

3 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom never let me find
From thee, my Lord, to move;
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!

4 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own.
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find,
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

5 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

*Forsyth-st.*—p. 332.] HYMN 86. 15th P. M. 119, 119

FIRST PART.

HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
The angels could do nothing more,
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:

My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

SECOND PART.

AH! where am I now!
When was it, or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace?
I am brought into thrall;
I am stript of my all;
I am banish'd from Jesus's face!

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4 Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart;
But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart

5 Ah! wretch that I am!
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within;
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and sin.

6 Nothing now can relieve;
Without comfort I grieve;
I have lost all my peace and my power:
No access do I find
To the friend of mankind:
I can ask for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end to my troubles I see,)
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Through a desert of sorrows I rove:
How great is my pain
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love!

9 I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see:
But I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

*Carmel*—p. 253.] HYMN 87. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release;

Will mercy itself be so kind
  To spare such a rebel as me?
And O, can I possibly find
  Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
  If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
  And ransom my soul from the grave;
The help of thy Spirit restore,
  And show me the life-giving blood:
And pardon a sinner once more,
  And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
  Come quickly to help a lost soul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
  And make a poor Lazarus whole;
The balm of thy mercy apply,
  Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
  O save, or I sink into hell!

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
  Thy pardoning mercy to show:
Come quickly, and kindly display
  The power of thy passion below;
By all thou hast done for my sake,
  One drop of thy blood I implore;
Now, now let it touch me, and make
  The sinner a sinner no more.

*Rochester*—p. 18.] HYMN 88. C. M

O THAT I were as heretofore!
  When warm in my first love;
I only lived my God t' adore,
  And seek the things above!

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
  And lavish of his grace,

With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Butter and honey did I eat,
And, lifted up on high,
I saw the clouds beneath my feet,
And rode upon the sky.

4 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talk'd with God.

5 Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

6 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain!
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden now regain?

*Chester*—p. 48.] HYMN 89. C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

*Islington*—p. 78.] HYMN 90. L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O! wash my soul from every sin!
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,

Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

*Wells*—p. 91.] HYMN 91. L. M.

AH! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more!

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee:
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

*Woolwich*—p. 212.] HYMN 92. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

*Richmond*—p. 267.] HYMN 93. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76.

I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me;
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power;
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

2 How have I thy Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinned against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace;
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er:
Ready art thou now to save;
Bidst me come as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive:

Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes: I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

*Acton*—p. 88.] HYMN 94. L. M.

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke,
But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone;
In my own froward will went on;
I lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create:
Fruit of thy gracious lips restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

6 Far off, yet at thy feet I lie,
(Till thou again thy blood apply;

Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,)
As far from God as hell from heaven.

7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

8 Till throughly saved my new-born soul
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Shall bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

*Minorca*—p. 161.] HYMN 95. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O 'TIS enough my God, my God!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy ling'ring anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown!
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan;
Me to thy Father's grace restore:
Nor let me ever grieve thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassion, hear:
My Saviour, and my prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
O let me turn again and live.

*Ophir*—p. 218.] HYMN 96. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

JESUS, I believe thee near,
Now my guilty soul restore:
Now my guilty conscience clear:
Give me back my peace and power,

Stone to flesh again convert,
Write forgiveness on my heart.

2 I believe thy pard'ning grace,
As at the beginning free:
Open are thy arms t' embrace,
Me, the worst of rebels, me:
In me all the hind'rance lies:
Call'd, I still refuse to rise.

3 Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin;
Give me now my sin to leave;
Bid me look on thee and mourn;
Bid me to thy arms return!

4 Take this heart of stone away:
Melt me into gracious tears;
Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till thy lovely face appears:
Till thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

*Covington*—p. 62.] HYMN 97. C. M.

O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love!

2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee;
Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be ALL IN ALL.

*Guilford*—p. 140.] HYMN 98. S. M.

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live:
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive.

4 For thine own mercy's sake,
Relieve my wretchedness;
And O my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace!

5 Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven:
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven.

6 Thy utmost mercy show,
Say to my drooping soul,
In peace and full assurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

*Plymouth Dock*—p. 148.] HYMN 99. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O GOD, thy righteousness we own:
Judgment is at thy house begun!
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear:
We cannot in thy judgment stand;
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray:
Unworthy to behold thy face;
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace;
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved;
And done thy loving Spirit despite,
And sinn'd against the clearest light;
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nail'd thee to the cross again.

4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race;
But, O! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck:
The soft'ning power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

*New Kings*—p. 278.] HYMN 100. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76

FATHER, if thou must reprove,
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love,
Chastise thine humbled son!

Use the rod, and not the sword:
Correct with kind severity;
Bring me not to nothing, Lord,
But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows and cleaves to thee,
Freely our backslidings heal;
And by thy balmy blood restored,
Grant that every soul may feel,
Thou art our pard'ning Lord.

3 Might we now with pure desire,
Thine only love request:
Now with willing heart entire,
Return to Christ our rest!
When we our whole heart resign,
O Jesus, to be fill'd with thee,
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity!

*Clarke*—p. 149.] HYMN 101. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O GOD, if thou art love indeed!
Let it once more be proved in me,
That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
For every child of Adam free;
O, let me now the gift embrace;
O, let me now be saved by grace!

2 If all long-suffering thou hast shown
On me, that others may believe,
Now make thy loving kindness known,
Now the all-conqu'ring Spirit give;
Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve thee more.

3 Grant my importunate request:
It is not my desire, but thine:

Since thou wouldst have the sinner blest,
  Now let me in thine image shine;
Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer through thy love.

4 Be it according to thy will!
  Set my imprison'd spirit free;
(The counsel of thy grace fulfil;)
  Into thy glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve thee more.

*Zion*—p. 155.] HYMN 102. 1st. P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

YES, from this instant, now, I will
  To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
  Vilest of all thy children, I;
Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
Yet will I thee, my Father, own.

2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
  And rescued me from passion's power;
Ten thousand times preserved from sin;
  Nor let the greedy grave devour:
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 Ah! canst thou find it in thy heart
  To give me up, so long pursued?
Ah! canst thou finally depart,
  And leave thy creature in his blood?
Leave me,—out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?

4 If thou hast call'd me to return;
  If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
  But pity and forgive me all;
In answer to my friend above;
In honour of his bleeding love.

## PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

*Kingsbridge*—p. 117.] HYMN 103. L. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:
They perish whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should they die, when thou hast died;
Hast died to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones.

7 Extend to these thy pard'ning grace:
To these be thy salvation show'd:
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

*Hebron*—p. 111.] HYMN 104. L. M.

JESUS, my advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty advocate, to thine.

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel!
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul:
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present and gain:
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacence at sin;
A sharper sense of guilt within;
A stronger struggling to get free;
A keener appetite for thee.

4 O sovereign love, to thee I cry!
Give me thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death; from hell set free!
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quicken'd by thy imparted flame;
Saved, when possess'd of thee I am:

My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart!

*Pelham*—p. 128.] HYMN 105. S. M.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see;
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord;
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our int'rest in his blood;
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes:
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move:
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

*Amsterdam*—p. 272.] HYMN 106. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76

MAKER, ~~Saviour~~ of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
A~~n immortal~~ soul, design'd
To be the house of God:
Come, ~~and now~~ reside in me,
Never, ~~never to~~ remove;
Make me just and good like thee,
And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thine image rise,
A saint, a creature new:
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too;
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest;
Should within thine arms divine,
For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will ~~in me~~ be done;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know, and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher.
~~Thee~~ descending on a cloud,
Till with ravish'd eyes I see;
Then shall I be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

*Euphrates*—p. 274.] HYMN 107. 12th P.M. 76,76,78,76.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name;
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace,
Coming as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart:
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

*New-Haven*—p. 21.] HYMN 108. C. M.

GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,

If I have mercy found with thee
  Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
  And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
  Thy gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
  May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
  Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
  On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
  In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
  My strict observer see;
And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
  My childlike heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
  At Jesus' feet abide:
So shall he lift me up at last,
  And seat me by his side.

*Shirland*—p. 135.] HYMN 109. S. M

MY God, my life, my love,
  To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
  For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
  This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
  If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
  How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
  And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher.

*Hamilton*—p. 80.] HYMN 110. L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly king,
That thou should'st us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know—
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my love is crucified."

7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

8 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

*St. Jago*—p. 50.] HYMN 111. C. M.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confest,
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipp'd in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands stretch'd out they all may see,
To take thy murderers in.

7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true:
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

*Stow*—p. 26.] HYMN 112. C. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven,
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

*Amsterdam*—p. 271.] HYMN 113. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76

O ALMIGHTY God of love,
Thy holy arm display;
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day:
Arm my weakness with thy power,
Woman's seed appear within!
Be my safeguard and my tower,
Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear:
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head;
Save me in the trying hour;
Thou my sure protection be;

Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

4 Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From temptations rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand;
Let me in the cleft be placed;
Never from my fence remove;
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

*Matthias*—p. 127] HYMN 114. S. M

LO, in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove;
My potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thine only stamp of love:
Be this my whole desire,
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert;
Thine image, love, thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart:
Father of mercies, hear!
Into my soul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come!
Jesus is full of grace,
To all his bowels move;
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love.

*Castle Street*—p. 102.] HYMN 115. L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

*Alfreton*—p. 77.] HYMN 116. L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
O burst these bonds and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

*Bourton*—p. 292.] HYMN 117. 14th P. M. 10 11, 10 11.

COME, Lord, from above, the mountains remove,
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love;
My bosom inspire, enkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

2 I languish and pine for the comfort divine,
O when shall I say my beloved is mine!
I've chose the good part, my portion thou art:
O Love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart!

3 For this my heart sighs, nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought, thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say, without money you may
Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay:
Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free, so, Lord, let it be:
I yield that thy love should be given to me;
I freely receive what thou freely dost give,
And consent to thy love, in thine Eden to live

6 The gift I embrace, the giver I praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace;
It came from above, the foretaste I prove,
And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

*Meriden*—p. 57.] HYMN 118. C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

*Olmutz*—p. 124.] HYMN 119. S. M.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high.

From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release;
And to thy Father's grace restore;
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come, then, impute, impart,
To me thy righteousness;
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace:
That thou canst here forgive
Grant me to testify:
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

*Hanover*—p. 57.] HYMN 120. C. M.

O SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thine all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;

Blest Comforter, with peace and joy,
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed,
All love be paid to thee.

*Ephesus*—p. 213.] HYMN 121. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply our every want!
Tree of life, thy influence shed!
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

*Boston*—p. 213.] HYMN 122. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

*Newry*—p. 88.] HYMN 123. L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all they mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wond'rous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one!

7 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesus' witnesses;
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live.

9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so:"
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

*Magdalen*—p. 84.] HYMN 124. L. M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

*Gratitude*—p. 30.] HYMN 125. C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up!

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

*Brookfield*—p. 115.] HYMN 126. L. M.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind:
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

*Windham*—p. 115.] HYMN 127. L. M.

WHOM man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive:
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure:
I want, do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up!

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

*Newton*—p. 59.] HYMN 128. C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power:
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
And know their gracious hour.

2 Ah! give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume:
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

3 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look,
All goodness as thou art,
Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
On each obdurate heart!

4 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

5 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

6 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive,
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

7 Turn, and your sins of deepest die
He will with blood efface:
E'en now he waits the blood t' apply;
Be saved, be saved by grace!

8 Be saved from hell, from sin, and fear:
He speaks you now forgiven;
Walk with your God, be perfect here,
And then come up to heaven.

*Brainerd*—p. 61.] HYMN 129. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

*Mount Pleasant*—p. 4.] HYMN 130. C. M.

ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise;
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace!

2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted seed,
Abide and reign within:
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

5 Father, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine:
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

*Brainerd*—p. 61.] HYMN 131. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power,
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

*St. Thomas*—p. 134.] HYMN 132. S. M.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.

*Holly*—p. 160.] HYMN 133. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

O WOND'ROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays;
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 O blessed word of gospel grace,
Which now we for our Israel plead!

A faithless and backsliding race,
  Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed;
O do not thou in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise!

4 Father, we ask in Jesus' name;
  In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
  O turn thy threat'ning wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pard'ning love.

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
  Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
  In honour of our spokesman there!
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

*Dawson*—p. 84.] HYMN 134. L. M.

O GOD, most merciful and true,
  Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
  And stamp thine image on my heart

2 To real holiness restored,
  O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
  Fulness of life eternal find!

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
  That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
  With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
  I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
  And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
  Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
  I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
  My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
  My God for ever pacified!

*Incarnation*—p. 216.] HYMN 135. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s

WHY not now, my God, my God:
  Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
  Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this thy day,
  For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying, if thou still delay,
  Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home;
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

*Gorham*—p. 12.] HYMN 136. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
  Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
  Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
  Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
  For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
  And we shall flow to thee,

While down the stream of time we glide
  To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
  Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
  We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
  Into thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
  Our God, our all in all.

*Bramcoat*—p. 79.] HYMN 137. L. M.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
  We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
  Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 The king of nations we proclaim;
  Who would not our great sovereign fear?
We long t' experience all thy name,
  And now we come to meet thee here.

3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
  And for thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
  'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!

4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
  To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
  The pillar and the flame of fire.

5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
  And all the house with glory fill:
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
  And lead us to thy holy hill.

6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
  And join the general church above;

And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let mine eyes behold my king,
And let me see my Saviour there.

*Quebec*—p. 110.] HYMN 138. L. M.

SAY, which of you would see the Lord?
You all may now obtain the grace:
Behold him in the written word,
Where John unveils the Saviour's face!

2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks,
To every soul that turns his ear;
Amid the golden candlesticks
He walks: and lo, he now is here!

3 Present to all believing souls;
They see him with an eagle eye;
Down to his feet a garment rolls,
Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.

4 A golden girdle binds his breast,
Whence streams of consolation flow,
Milk for his new-born babes, who rest
In him, nor other comfort know.

5 His form is as the Son of man,
His eyes are as a flame of fire,
They dart a sin-consuming pain,
And life, and joy divine inspire.

6 His spotless purity of soul
We by a lovely emblem know,
His head and hair are white as wool,
White are they as the driven snow.

7 Glitter his feet like burnish'd brass,
That long hath in the furnace shone,

Brighter than lightning is his face,
  Brighter than the meridian sun.

8 As many waters sounds his word;
  Seven stars he holds in his right hand;
Out of his mouth a two-edged sword
  Goes forth; before it who can stand?

9 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
  Lay thy right hand upon our soul;
Scatter our fear, thy Spirit shed,
  And all our unbelief control.

10 Tell us, "I am the First and Last,
  Who lived and died for all, am I!
And lo, my bitter death is past,
  And lo, I live no more to die.

11 "I have the keys of death and hell;"
  Amen! thy record we receive,
And wait till thou our spirits seal,
  And all in all for ever live.

*Savannah*—p. 300.] HYMN 139. 17th P. M. 4 *lines* 10s.

IN boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear,
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty heart;
Cause every soul to choose the better part.

2 Thy presence fills the universal space;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race;
O visit us with light and life divine,
Fill every soul, for every soul is thine.

3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love;
He is my king, from him I would not move;
Away, then, all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
My ravish'd heart, hath all your glory stain'd;
His loveliness my soul hath prepossess'd,
And left no room for any other guest.

*Peterborough*—p. 18.] HYMN 140. C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

*Upton*—p. 101.] HYMN 141. L. M.

O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,

And trembling to its source return,
  In humble love, and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
  To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
  And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
  My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
  And make the sacrifice complete.

*Salisbury*—p. 163.] HYMN 142. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

LET God, who comforts the distrest,
  Let Israel's consolation hear;
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
  And show thyself the Comforter;
And swell th' unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne.

2 We weep for those that weep below,
  And burden'd for the afflicted, sigh;
The various forms of human wo,
  Excite our softest sympathy:
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our soul in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,
  By sin eternally undone,
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
  And make thy richest mercy known:
And make thy vanquish'd rebels find,
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting love,
  To every soul thy son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
  Our deep, original wound to heal:
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to paradise.

*New-Haven*—p. 21.] HYMN 143. C. M.

FATHER, behold with gracious eyes
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.
Well pleased in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our prayer,
To every conscience seal.

2 Meanest of all thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.
On me, on all some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart,
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.

3 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven;
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.
Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

*Belmont*—p. 26.] HYMN 144. C. M.

JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's out-stretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.

2 Preserve the creatures of thy love;
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face;
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace.

4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lifts us up thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.

5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show:
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.

6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

*Framingham*—p. 166.] HYMN 145. 1st. P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest follower's call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou who call'dst a world from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in the Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter;
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
  To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
  And make our heart a house of prayer,
The promised intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
  To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
  We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

*Penitence*—p. 280.] HYMN 146. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
  Pray always, and not faint;
With the word a power convey
  To utter our complaint;
Quiet shalt thou never know,
  Till we from sin are fully free:
O avenge us of our foe,
  And bruise the serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
  And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
  And grasp the sinner's friend:
Day and night we'll speak our wo,
  With thee importunately plead,
O avenge us of our foe,
  And bruise the serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
  From all our bands released:
Only thou canst set us free,
  By Satan long oppress'd:
Now thy power almighty show,
  Arise, the woman's conqu'ring seed:

O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell
With us, in us, here below:
Enter, and make us free indeed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control:
Cast him out, by ent'ring now,
And keep our ransom'd soul:
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect attend:
Send deliverance from the skies,
Thy mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay,
With thy Spirit's two-edged sword
The crooked serpent slay!
Bare thine arm and give the blow,
Root out and kill the hellish seed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy Bride, who bids thee come:

Come thou righteous judge of all,
  Pronounce the tempter's doom;
Doom him to eternal wo,
  For him and for his angels made,
Now avenge us of our foe,
  For ever bruise his head!

*Camberwell*—p. 125.] HYMN 147. S. M.

JESUS, I fain would find
  Thy zeal for God in me:
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
  Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
  In me thy bowels move!
So shall the fervour of my zeal
  Be the pure flame of love.

*Gorham*—p. 193.] HYMN 148. 4th P. M. 886, 886

SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
  Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
  The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
  My hundred-fold reward;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great prince of peace,
  Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
  And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
  For all thou hast and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestow'd;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart!
Bless me with purity of heart,
That now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

6 Not for my fault, or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form I take,
But for true holiness;
Let me be wrong'd, reviled, abhorr'd,
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.

7 Call'd to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feast.

*Kendall*—p. 27.] HYMN 149. C. M.

THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburnt in fire.

3 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see
And glory in our guide;

Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

*Darwen*—p. 114.] HYMN 150. L. M.

O LET the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O sun of righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them thy saving health to see,

And let thy mercy find them out;
  And let thy mercy reach to me.

8 Hast thou the work of grace begun,
  And brought them to the birth in vain?
O let thy children see the sun!
  Let all their souls be born again!

9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
  For whom thy suffering members mourn;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
  Bid every struggling child be born!

*Gilman*—p. 169.] HYMN 151. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

OUR earth we now lament to see
  With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
  One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 As listed on Abaddon's side,
  They mangle their own flesh, and slay,
Tophet is moved, and opens wide
  Its mouth for its enormous prey;
And myriads sink beneath the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the universal friend
  This havoc of his creatures see!
Bid our unnatural discord end;
  Declare us reconciled in thee:
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

4 Who now against each other rise,
  The nations of the earth, constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
  The blessings of thy righteous reign,

The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love.

*Lancaster*—p. 86.] HYMN 152. L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun:
Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their guide.

4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest darts aside:
Hide from their eyes the dev'lish ill,
O save them from the demon, pride!

6 In safety lead thy little flock!
From hell, the world, and sin secure:
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure

## PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

*New-Bedford*—p. 19.] HYMN 153. C. M.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near;
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul!
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

*Lucern*—p. 121.] HYMN 154. S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;

My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

*Clarendon*—p. 33.] HYMN 155. C. M.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow;
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain top
  Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
  And prayer in endless praise.

*Camberwell*—p. 125.] HYMN 156. S. M.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
  On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
  And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
  Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
  Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
  A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
  The baits of pleasing ill.
A soul inured to pain,
  To hardship, grief, and loss:
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
  The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
  A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
  And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
  And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
  And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
  To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
  Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
  Always to pray, I want,

Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide,
Into thy perfect love.

*Byzantium*—p. 197.] HYMN 157. 4th P. M. 886, 886

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;

And starting, cry from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, t' appear
Before thy glorious face.

*Retirement*—p. 100.] HYMN 158. L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, brother, friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hov'ring, hides me in his wings:

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

5 His sacred unction from above,
Be still my comforter and guide,

Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

*Kentucky*—p. 142.] HYMN 159. S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

*Zemira*—p. 201.] HYMN 160. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

*Lanesborough*—p. 5.] HYMN 161. C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

*Shepherd*—p. 130.] HYMN 162. S. M

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace,
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:
Through Jesus Christ the just,
My faint desires receive,

And let me in thy goodness trust,
  And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
  Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offer'd through
  The ever-blessed name.
Jesus, my single eye
  Be fix'd on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
  Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
  My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
  With all thou hast and art.
My feeble mind transform,
  And perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm;
  A worm exalt to God!

*Armley*—p. 114.] HYMN 163. L. M.

PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear,
  My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near;
  Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
  Might with an even flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
  And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly
  The first abhorr'd approach of ill:
Quick as the apple of an eye,
  The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
  Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;
Humbly and confidently wait,
  And long to see the perfect day.

*Ashburton*—p. 170.] HYMN 164. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

WATCH NIGHT.

OFT have we pass'd the guilty night,
In revelling and frantic mirth;
The creature was our sole delight,
Our happiness the things of earth:
But O, suffice the season past!
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep;
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many nights on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one hour for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody.
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Bless'd object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice;
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midst of us, O king
Of saints, and let our joys abound;
Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found;
We ask in faith for every soul;
O let our glorious joy be full!

6 O may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,

And, far above these nether skies
By thee on eagle's wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love.

*Romney*—p. 42.] HYMN 165. C. M.

THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill,
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice;
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee,
What shall I more require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home,
Come when thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

*Watchman*—p. 118.] HYMN 166. S. M.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake,
And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Lay to thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour:
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,

Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way!
Come back! and walk therein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

*Southfield*—p. 121.] HYMN 167. S. M.

THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now, therefore, I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end!

*St. Thomas*—p.134.] HYMN 168. S. M.

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above!
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.

3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.

4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel!
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.

5 But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show.

6 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

*Spilsby*—p. 123.] HYMN 169. S. M.

GIVE me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

*Confidence*—p. 96.] HYMN 170. L. M.

O THOU who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint;
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! how soon it dies away!

5 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal;
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more.

6 Single of heart, O may I be!
Nothing may I desire but thee;
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from thy love!

*St. Asaphs*—p. 282.] HYMN 171. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

COME, ye followers of the Lord,
  In Jesus' service join:
Jesus gives the sacred word,
  The ordinance divine:
Let us his command obey,
  And ask and have whate'er we want;
Pray we, every moment pray,
  And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
  To the old tempter's will:
Never more our duty leave,
  While Satan cries, "Be still:"
Stand we in the ancient way,
  And here with God ourselves acquaint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
  And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
  To slothful flesh and blood;
Yet we will the cross sustain,
  And bless the welcome load;
All our griefs to God display,
  And humbly pour out our complaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
  And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
  And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
  To persevering prayer:
Till we see the perfect day,
  And each wakes up a spotless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
  And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
  And perfected in love,

Till we see our Saviour God,
  Descending from above;
All his heavenly charms survey,
  Beyond what angel minds can paint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
  And never, never faint.

*Josiah*—p. 263.] HYMN 172. 11th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
  The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
  My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
  Help, while yet I ask is given:
God comes down: the God and Lord
  That made both earth and heaven

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
  And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
  Nor suffer thee to slide;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
  He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
  Thy watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
  Thy keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
  On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
  Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence,
  And ever-waking Love.

4 See the Lord, thy keeper, stand,
  Omnipotently near:
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
  And banishes thy fear;

Shadows with his wings thy head;
  Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
  The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
  Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
  Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless master thou,
  Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power;
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
  Henceforth and evermore.

*Pensford*—p. 265.] HYMN 173. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76.

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
  The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
  And see the bridegroom nigh!
Lo, he comes to keep his word,
  Light and joy his looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
  And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
  Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
  He comes, and bids you hope!
In the midnight of your grief,
  Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo, he brings you sure relief;
  Believe, and feel him here!

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
  Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
  To walk with him in white;
Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
  Bids you all his promise prove;

Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up,
To meet the gen'ral doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him the judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise and come to judgment!"—Lord,
We rise and come away.

*Alfreton*—p. 77.] HYMN 174. L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak:
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

*Edgware*—p. 43.] HYMN 175. C. M.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out,
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To THEE for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart;
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

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## JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

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*Portugal*—p. 75.] HYMN 176. L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same:

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;

Increase in us the kindled fire,
  In us the word of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save,
  (Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
  Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
  Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
  Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
  Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
  Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
  The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
Th' invisible appears in sight,
  And God is seen by mortal eye.

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*Oxford*—p. 123.] HYMN 177. S. M.

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FIRST PART.

HOW can a sinner know
  His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
  My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
  With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
  The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
  That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
  And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
  Disburthen'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
  Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
  The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
  The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
  The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
  In heaven, who dwell in love.

*Olney*—p. 134.] SECOND PART.

WE by his spirit prove,
  And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
  He hath on us bestow'd.

2 ~~His~~ Spirit ~~to us~~ he gave,
  ~~And~~ dwells in us we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
  And all its fruits we show.

3 The meek and lowly heart
  That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
  And signs us with his cross.

4 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
  Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are join'd,
  ~~The~~ Spirit ~~of God~~ with ours.

5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
  Commands, we gladly do;
And guided by his sacred word,
  We all his steps pursue.

6 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

*Witham*—p. 192.] HYMN 178. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
Or sin, or righteousness remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart!

*Lenox*—p. 184.] HYMN 179. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

*Rochester*—p. 18.] HYMN 180. C. M.

GREAT God! to me the sight afford
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud!

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art,
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
And suits the sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race.

*Craven*—p. 36.] HYMN 181. C. M.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin:
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fix'd within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, opprest,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

*Trowbridge*—p. 164.] HYMN 182. 1st. P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

EXPAND thy wings, celestial dove,
And brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love,
Let there in my dark soul be light;
And fill th' illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 "Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious majesty;
And by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
  Be mindful of thy changeless word;
We worship toward that holy place,
  In which thou dost thy name record;
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living temple of thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
  The temple fill'd with light divine;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
  Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
  Father, in Jesus' name we pray!
And still we cry and wrestle on
  Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

*Aithlone*—p. 200.] HYMN 183. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
  On thee whom we have slain;
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
  Renew'd thy sacred pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith, to see
The man transfix'd on Calvary!
  To know thee who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
  And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
  That suffer'd in my stead!

That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

5 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify!
And lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die!

*Marion*—p. 162.] HYMN 184. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st thyself from me,
Hear an apostate spirit groan,
Broke off, and banish'd far from thee;
But, conscious of my fall, I mourn,
And fain I would to thee return.

2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all thy glorious love.

3 A hidden God indeed thou art;
Thy absence I this moment feel;
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Conceal'd, thou art a Saviour still:
And though thy face I cannot see,
I know thine eye is fix'd on me.

4 My Saviour thou, though not reveal'd,
  Yet will I thee my Saviour call:
Adore thy hand, from sin withheld;
  Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
And show thyself for ever mine.

*St. Peter's*—p. 75.] HYMN 185. L. M.

JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
  Though duteous to thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
  But veil'd before thy presence stand:

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
  With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
  Or view thy unapproached light!

3 Restore my sight! let thy free grace
  An entrance to the holiest give!
Open mine eyes of faith! thy face
  So shall I see: yet seeing live.

4 The golden sceptre from above
  Reach forth; see, my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,
  My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou!"

5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
  Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark, how my silence speaks, and cries,
  "Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"

6 I know thou canst not but be good;
  How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain,
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,
  To save me from all guilt and pain?

7 By faith I to the fountain fly,
  Open'd for all mankind and me,

To purge my sins of deepest die,
My life and heart's impurity:

8 From Christ, the smitten rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream;
Pardon and holiness bestows,
And both I gain through faith in him.

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## THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

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*Irene*—p. 307.] HYMN 186. 20th P.M. 66, 77, 77

SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain, my curse, hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord, to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! my Lord hath died;
My Love is crucified;
Break this stony heart of mine;
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

3 When, O my God, shall I
For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay?
Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself, the way,
Melt my hardness into love.

4 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this:

Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee:
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

*Brighton*—p. 143.] HYMN 187. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
Th' immortal God for me hath died:
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his:
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream:
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

*Bangor*—p. 70.] HYMN 188. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom 's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine!

*Doddridge*—p. 99.] HYMN 189. L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve,
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul:
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

*Templeton*—p. 11.] HYMN 190. C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled:
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

*Asbury*—p. 68.] HYMN 191. C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

*Portuguese*—p. 288.] HYMN 192. 13th P.M 10 10, 11 11

YE heavens, rejoice in Jesus's grace,
Let earth make a noise, and echo his praise:
Our all-loving Saviour hath pacified God,
And paid for his favour the price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound,
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound;
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

3 Atonement he made for every one,
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done;

Shout, all the creation, below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.

4 His mercy hath brought salvation to all,
Who take it unbought, he frees them from thrall,
Throughout the believer his glory displays,
And perfects for ever the vessels of grace.

*Valentia*—p. 104.] HYMN 193. L. M.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the king of glory see!
Sinks, and expires, the Son of God!

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I,—I alone have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.

4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me thou hast borne the pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

6 My Saviour how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

7 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee:

Let all thy love, and all thy grief
  Graven on my heart for ever be!

8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
  O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
  For those that trample on thy blood.

9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
  O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast:
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
  And ever in thy bosom rest.

*Darwen*—p. 114.] HYMN 194. L. M.

YE that pass by, behold the man!
  The man of griefs, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
  Weeping to Calvary pursue!

2 See! how his back the scourges tear,
  While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
  Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
  His innocence to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage;
  Hark! how they clamour for his blood!

4 To us our own Barabbas give;
  Away with him, (they loudly cry:)
Away with him not fit to live,
  The vile seducer crucify!

5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
  With nails they fasten to the wood!
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
  Or only cover'd with his blood.

6 See there, his temples crown'd with thorn!
  His bleeding hands extended wide:

His streaming feet transfix'd and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!

7 Where is the king of glory now?
The everlasting Son of God?
Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow;
The Almighty faints beneath his load!

8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown:
I caused those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

*Limehouse*—p. 116.] HYMN 195. L. M.

O THOU dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood!
Help me to taste thy dying love!

2 Give me to feel thy agonies,
One drop of thy sad cup afford;
I fain with thee would sympathize,
And share the sufferings of my Lord.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed while her Creator died:
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend with thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart!

*Waterford*—p. 270.] HYMN 196. 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
  The wine press treads alone:
Tears the graves and mountains up,
  By his expiring groan:
Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes,
  Nature in convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
  The great Jehovah dies!

2 O my God, he dies for me,
  I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
  A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
  Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
  For one who bled for you.

3 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
  With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
  And reigns enthroned above!
Lives our head to die no more,
  Power is all to Jesus given;
Worshipp'd as he was before,
  The immortal King of heaven.

4 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
  And truth, which never fail;
Hast'ning to behold thy face
  Without a dimming veil;
We shall see our heavenly King,
  All thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel choirs to sing
  Our blest triumphant Lamb.

*Creation*—p. 153.] HYMN 197. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

WHERE shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin;
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire:
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God!
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

2 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No, though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus the sinner's friend proclaim;
Jesus to sinners still the same.

5 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

6 For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languish'd for you the Son of God,
For you the Prince of glory died:

Believe, and all your sin 's forgiven:
Only believe, and yours is heaven.

*Quito*—p. 94.] HYMN 198. L. M.

ADAM descended from above!
Saviour and head of all mankind;
The covenant of redeeming love
In thee let every sinner find.

2 Our surety, thou alone hast paid
The debt we to thy Father owed:
For the whole world atonement made,
And seal'd the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the paternal grace divine,
A universal blessing gave;
A light in every heart to shine;
A Saviour,—every soul to save.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
Command the blind thy rays to see:
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive prisoner free.

5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Deliver from this gloomy pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know
Who bears the general sin away;
And to my ransom'd spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

*Luther's*—p. 147.] HYMN 199. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me;)

"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by me they live!"

2 Jesus descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray
Take all, take all my sins away.

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quick'ning sound;
Since I, e'en I have mercy found.

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove,
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

*Kilburn*—p. 270.] HYMN 200. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76.

GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise,
With that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we ~~our Maker~~ see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done?
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like thine!

3 Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Jesus show'd;
See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
And crush'd beneath our load!
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heavenly birth declare!
Faith cries out, "'Tis he, 'tis he,
My God that suffers there!"

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## THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

*Archdale*—p. 6.] HYMN 201. C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies:
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power:
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace;
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

*Roberts*—p. 158.] HYMN 202. 1st P. M 6 *lines* 8s.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand!
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.

2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wond'rous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt th' incumbent God:
The mountains skipp'd like frighten'd rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turn'd the river back?

Was nature's God displeased with thee?
And why should hills or mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, that skipp'd like rams?
Ye hills, that leap'd as frighten'd lambs?

4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,
Her only law his sovereign word:
He shakes the centre with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,
Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows!
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows:
And all things, as they change, proclaim,
The Lord eternally the same.

*Coronation*—p.28.] HYMN 203. C. M.

ETERNAL wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circuits run:
There the pale planets rule the night:
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below;
Those under regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey,

With sounding winds they sweep the air,
  To make thy chariot way.
6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
  Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along
  The banners of thy host.
7 On the thin air, without a prop,
  Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink and drop
  Their fatness on the ground.
8 ~~Lo! here thy~~ wond'rous skill arrays
  The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs ~~thy~~ art displays,
  A thousand flowers between.
9 There the rough mountains of the deep
  Obey ~~thy~~ strong command:
~~Thy~~ breath can raise the billows steep,
  Or sink them to the sand.
10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
  And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
  With terror and delight.
11 Infinite strength and equal skill
  Shine through thy works abroad:
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
  And speak the builder God!
12 But the mild glories of thy grace
  Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
  We see, adore, and love.

*Majesty*—p. 49.] HYMN 204. C. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
  That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
  And feeds you with his love

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode:
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar:
Let wave to wave resound his praise;
And shore reply to shore.

7 While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.

8 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these:
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To Him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,
And climb the morning sky;

While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise,
In hoarser harmony.

11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

*St. Helen's*—p. 177.] HYMN 205. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

O GOD, of good th' unfathom'd sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind!
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before th' insufferable blaze,
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet, free as air thy bounty streams,
On all thy works, thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure, still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?

Yes; self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost thou require.

6 Primeval beauty! in thy sight
The first-born fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me thine eyes could turn?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And, trembling, own th' almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky!
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die!

8 O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

*Litchfield*—p. 11.] HYMN 206. C. M.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,
  Thou dost in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
  Th' almighty God of love.

5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
  Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
  Throughout our universe.

6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
  O'er all thy works doth reign:
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
  Thy favourite creature man.

7 Wherefore let every creature give
  To thee the praise design'd;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
  The hearts of all mankind.

*Park-street*—p. 97.] HYMN 207. L. M.

FIRST PART.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
  Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
  Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art!
  O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
  With love embrace and cover me!
While thee, all infinite, I set
  By faith, before my ravish'd eye;
My weakness bends beneath the weight,
  O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
  Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began its race,
  Ere glow'd with stars th' ethereal blue.

Greatness unspeakable is thine,
  Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
  When earth and heaven are fled away:
Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,
  Essential life's unbounded sea;
What lives, and moves, lives by thy word;
  It lives and moves, and is from thee!

3 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill,
  Firm fix'd this universal chain:
Else empty, barren darkness still,
  Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
  Or shuns or meets the wand'ring thought.
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
  By thee was to perfection brought!
High is thy power above all height,
  Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
  Only to thee, O God, is known!

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
  Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
  Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see,
  Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
  Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light thou dwell'st; light, that no shade,
  No variation ever knew,
Heaven, earth, and hell stand all display'd
  And open to thy piercing view.

*Job*—p. 103.] SECOND PART.

THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
  Th' immortal armies of the sky:

Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
  Thou thund'rest, and amazed they fly!
With downcast eye th' angelic choir
  Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling, they strike the golden lyre,
  And thro' heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art:
  The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Thy forming hand on every part
  Impress'd the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
  Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
  Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows thy tender love,
  Each rising morn thy plenteous grace:
Thy waken'd wrath does slowly move,
  Thy willing mercy flies apace!
To thy benign, indulgent care,
  Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are
  From thee, great source of being, flow.

3 Parent of good! thy bounteous hand
  Incessant blessings now distils;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
  With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are,
  Thy power infused doth all sustain:
E'en those thy daily favours share
  Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bidst his genial ray
  Alike on all impartial pour;
On all who hate or bless thy sway,
  Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet, while at length, who scorn'd thy might,
  Shall feel thee a consuming fire:

How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures praise th' eternal name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

*Amsterdam*—p. 272.] HYMN 208. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76

GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to sing thy praise;
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days:
Thou, a spirit invisible,
Dost to none thy fulness show;
None thy majesty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might:
Happy in thyself alone,
In goodness infinite;
Thou thy goodness hast display'd,
On thine every work imprest;
Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
But man thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing thou that all should know
Thy saving truth and live;
Dost to each, or bliss or wo,
With strictest justice give:
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due:
Faithful in thy promises,
And in thy threat'nings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
  Who truly turn to thee!
Hear me then for pardon call,
  And show thy grace to me:
Me, through mercy reconciled,
  Me, for Jesus' sake forgiven;
Me receive, thy favour'd child,
  To sing thy praise in heaven.

*Atlantic*—p. 105.] HYMN 209. L. M.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the rock of peace;
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

*Siloam*—p. 275.] HYMN 210. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

THOU, the great, eternal God,
  Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be fear'd, adored
  By all thy hands have wrought:
None can with thyself compare,
  Thy glory fills both earth and sky:
We, and all thy creatures, are
  As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power,
To thee the praise we give:
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive:
When thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm can none withstand,
Frustrate thy determined deed,
Or stay th' almighty hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone,
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful thy work we own,
Thy ways unsearchable;
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain;
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man.

*Nichols*—p. 28.] HYMN 211. C. M.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and king!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given:
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
And all therein is thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain;
And high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour, give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,
Thy greatness to proclaim;

And therefore now we thank our God,
  And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,
  Thou dost to us make known;
And all the deity is ours,
  Through thy incarnate Son.

*Canada*—p. 89.] HYMN 212. L. M.

ETERNAL power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

*Benevento*—p. 222.] HYMN 213. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give;

Mix'd with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably three,
One, in simplest unity:
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear:
Thee, while dust and ashes sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of deity:
Fain with them our souls would vie,
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar,
Shout, or silently adore!

*Bedford*—p. 10.] HYMN 214. C. M.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore:
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive!

Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.

5 Three persons equally divine
We magnify and love:
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential one adored
In co-eternal three!

*Wilmington*—p. 12.] HYMN 215. C. M.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright.

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our maker and our king.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain;

The father of celestial powers,
  The friend of earth-born man!

7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
  With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
  For heaven's superior praise!

8 The king, whose glorious face ye see,
  For us his crown resign'd;
That fulness of the deity,
  He died for all mankind!

*Plymouth Dock*—p.148.] HYMN 216. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thy image lost,
  Thy various offices make known:
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.

2 Jehovah, in three persons, come,
  And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
  Thou dost eternal life reveal;
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe,
  That thou art pure essential love;
The proof we in ourselves receive
  Of the three witnesses above;
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit are one.

4 O that we now, in love renew'd,
  Might blameless in thy sight appear!
Wake we in thy similitude,
  Stamp'd with the triune character;
Flesh, spirit, soul, to thee resign;
And live and die entirely thine!

*Shirland*—p. 135.] HYMN 217. S. M.

O ALL-CREATING God,
At whose supreme decree
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee:

2 For this thou hast design'd,
And form'd us man for this,
To know, and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

*Surrey*—p. 108.] HYMN 218. L. M.

MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death, I feel;
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze:
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise

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## SACRAMENTAL.

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### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

*Minorca*—p. 161.] HYMN 219. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

IN that sad memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betray'd,
He left his death-recording rite,
He took, and bless'd, and brake the bread;
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent exprest:

2 "Take, eat, this is my body, given
To purchase life, and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven;
Do this my dying love to show:
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me."

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And full of kind concern look'd up,
And gave to them what he had blest:
"And drink ye all of this, (he said,)
In solemn memory of the dead.

4 "This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace:
My blood so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race;
My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven."

*Troas*—p. 135.] HYMN 220. S. M.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the paschal Lamb:
Our passover was slain
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast,
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice;
By faith his flesh we eat,
Who here his passion show,
And God out of his holy seat
Shall all his gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;
As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finish'd now!
The mortal pang is past!
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last.
We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise,
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

*New-Haven*—p. 21.] HYMN 221. C. M.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood.
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thy own.
The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

3 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;

The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart,
The grace which sure salvation brings,
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God.

*Olney*—p. 134.] HYMN 222. S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here in thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

*Pilgrim*—p. 273.] HYMN 223. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76.

ROCK of Israel, cleft for me,
For us, for all mankind,
See, thy feeblest followers see,
Who call thy death to mind:
Still the fountain of thy blood
Stands for sinners open'd wide,

Now, e'en now, my Lord, my God,
  I wash me in thy side.

2 Now, e'en now, we all plunge in,
  And drink the purple wave;
This the antidote for sin,
  'Tis this our souls shall save:
With the life of Jesus fed,
  Lo! from strength to strength we rise,
Follow'd by our rock, and led
  To meet thee in the skies.

*Wells*—p. 91.] HYMN 224. L. M.

AUTHOR of our salvation, thee
  With lowly, thankful hearts we praise,
Author of this great mystery,
  Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
  Thy body and thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument divine,
  Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
  Thy pard'ning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
  The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
  And eat the bread so freely given,
Till borne on eagles wings we fly,
  And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

*Nuremburg*—p. 207.] HYMN 225. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the crucified!

4 All the powers of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls for ever thine.

*Bavaria*—p. 246.] HYMN 226. 9th P. M. 87,87,87,87

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his suff'rings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living fire impart,
Now reveal his great salvation,
Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou witness of his dying,
Come, remembrancer divine,
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierced and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

*Minorca*—p. 161.] HYMN 227. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O THOU eternal victim slain,
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;

Our everlasting priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now!

2 Thy offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love:
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

*Euphrates*—p. 275.] HYMN 228. 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
  We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
  And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
  And every struggling soul release!
O remember Calvary,
  And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
  And bloody sweat we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
  Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free,
  From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
  And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
  The sinner's pardon seal,
Speak us freely justified,
  And all our sickness heal:

By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

*Kendall*—p. 27.] HYMN 229. C. M.

COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

2 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below,
With all the life of God.

4 Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus crucified,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

*Walsal*—p. 70.] HYMN 230. C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me, he died for me!"

3 These sacred signs, thy suff'rings, Lord,
To our remembrance bring:
We eat and drink around thy board,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing "Hosannah to the Lamb,"
The Lamb that died for me!

*St. Albans*—p. 44.] HYMN 231. C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
O stay not back, though fear alarms!
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above!

4 There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come:
Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

*Suffolk*—p. 24.] HYMN 232. C. M.

THE king of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given:
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

*Thacher*—p. 136.] HYMN 233. S. M.

GLORY to God on high;
Our peace is made with heaven;
The Son of God came down to die
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son his flesh and blood:
~~The Spirit applies, and~~ faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

BAPTISM.

*St. Ann's*—p. 2.] HYMN 234. C. M.

CELESTIAL dove, descend from high,
And on the water brood:
Come, with thy quick'ning power apply
The water and the blood.

2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.

3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew;
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

*Athol*—p. 132.] HYMN 235. S. M.

MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood:
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood.

2 Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side!

*Newry*—p. 88.] HYMN 236. L. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind;
Sent to baptize into thy name;
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,
In these for whom we seek thy face;
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace

4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

6 O that the souls baptized herein
May now thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise and wash away their sin:
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

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## REJOICING AND PRAISE.

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*Devonshire*—p. 284.] HYMN 237. 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

O HEAVENLY king, look down from above,
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name,
Our business and strife is thee to proclaim:

Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace!
The living, the living shall show forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou;
Preserved by thy word, we worship thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy;
Our tongues to thy honour, and lives we employ.

4 But O! above all, thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall, which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
Like angels above, we lift up our voice:
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

*Warwick*—p. 316.] HYMN 238. 23d P. M. 88, 88, 77.

THE voice of my beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain top he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills:
Gently doth he chide my stay,
"Rise, my love, and come away."

2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
The rain is gone, the winter's past,
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The warbling choir enchants our ear;
Now with sweetly pensive moan,
Coos the turtle dove alone.

*New Gabriel*—p. 58.] HYMN 239. C. M.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove:
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

*Morning Hymn*—p.159.] HYMN 240. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine!
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;

In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

*Randall*—p. 16.] HYMN 241. C. M.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek:
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee!

*Arlington*—p. 3.] HYMN 242. C. M.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Opprest by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:

On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd!

3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

*Rapture*—p. 195.] HYMN 243. 4th P. M. 886, 886

HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we!
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
A bright harmonious throng;
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing, around thy seat,
The new eternal song!

*Framingham*—p. 166.] HYMN 244. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
  Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
  In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
  Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go
  To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd:
  I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
  Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated sun,
  That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee who hast overthrown
  My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
  Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
  Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
  Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
  The love that all heaven's host inspires;

That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay;
Thee shall I love in endless day!

*Suffolk*—p. 24.] HYMN 245. C. M.

INFINITE, unexhausted love;
Jesus and love are one:
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love,
My loving God to praise;
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

7 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
  Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
  Thine everlasting throne.

8 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
  Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
  The depth of humble love.

*Parvus*—p. 74.] HYMN 246. L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting king,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

*Bradley*—p. 256.] HYMN 247. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s

THOU shepherd of Israel and mine,
  The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
  I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
  Where all who their shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
  And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode;
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare;
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart:
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

*Trinity*—p. 304.] HYMN 248. 19th P. M. 664, 6664.

COME, thou almighty king,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;

Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the great One and three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

*Solitude*—p. 261.] HYMN 249. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

*Queensborough*–p.242.] HYMN 250. 9th P. M. 87,87,87,87

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!

Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
  Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
  Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
  Seal it for thy courts above.

*Burnham*—p. 180.] HYMN 251. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
  The prisoners of the Lord:
And wait till Christ appear,
  According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
  For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
  They never can be freed;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
  If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
  From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
  Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
  And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesus' sufferings share
  My fellow prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
  On your triumphant brow:

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

*Lisbon*—p. 118.] HYMN 252. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in:

Yea, and before we rise
  To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
  Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
  Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
  From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
  To fairer worlds on high.

*Portugal*—p. 75.] HYMN 253. L. M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise:
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains:
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

*Devizes*—p. 14.] HYMN 254. C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We, in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

*Wesley*—p. 299.] HYMN 255. 16th P. M. 11 12, 11 12.

MY God, I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his nam
ing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
listurb'd upon their brow.

2 True plea scorn to seek our golden toys,
And whoev end the day, and share the night,
My Jesus ering o'er the richer joys
'Tis life ev heaven prepares for their delight.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

*Darwell*—p. 187.] HYMN 256. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
Riches of Christ on all [illegible]
And honour that descends from [illegible]

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantne[illegible]!
And all her flowery paths are pe[illegible]

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

*Medford*—p. 79.] HYMN 257. L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

*Kingston*—p. 43.] HYMN 258. C. M.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear:
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul abound;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

*Carmarthen*—p. 181.] HYMN 259. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 3 6

REJOICE, the Lord is king;
Your Lord and king adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy:
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

*Holborn*—p. 233.] HYMN 260. 14th P. M. 1011, 1011.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:

My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care my neighbours may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

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*Broomsgrove*—p. 30.] HYMN 261. C. M.

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MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,

If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

*Martin's Lane*—p. 174.] HYMN 262. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

*Lanesborough*—p. 5.] HYMN 263. C. M.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all,
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distrest;
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

*Truro*—p. 87.] HYMN 264. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;

There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb? —
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

*Otley*—p. 208.] HYMN 265. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly king,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!

Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!

6 Powerful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme eternal THREE.

*Old Hundred*—p. 87.] HYMN 266. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*Templeton*—p. 11.] HYMN 267. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power,*
*Be unto the Lamb for ever!*
*Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!*
*Hallelujah! praise the Lord!*

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound. *Glory, &c.*

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory, &c.*

*Old Hundred*—p. 87.] HYMN 268. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

*Mt. Pleasant*—p. 4.] HYMN 269. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
  To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
  For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
  Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
  To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
  And to adore the Lamb.

*God of Abrah'm*—p.311.] HYMN 270. 21st P.M. 66,84,66,84

THE God of Abr'am praise,
  Who reigns enthroned above:
Ancient of everlasting days,
    And God of love:
  JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
  By earth and heaven confest;
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
    For ever blest.

2 The God of Abr'am praise,
  At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
    At his right hand:
  I all on earth forsake,
  Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
    My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abr'am praise,
  Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
    In all his ways:
  He calls a worm his friend!
  He calls himself my God!

And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

*Lexington*—p. 64.] HYMN 271. C. M.

MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end?
The numbers of thy grace.

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road:
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

*Holstein*—p. 255.] HYMN 272. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

*Oliphant*—p. 239.] HYMN 273. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee, I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near:
Manifests his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause:
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

6 This hath set me all on fire;
Strongly glows the flame of love;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove:
Then I'll praise him,
In a nobler strain above!

*Arundel*—p. 10.] HYMN 274. C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers.
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

*Triumph*—p. 320.] HYMN 275. 25th P. M. 77, 87, 77, 87.

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:

We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour:
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

*Charing*—p. 129.] HYMN 276. S. M.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,
Throughout creation's frame!

2 In native white and red
The rose and lilly stand,

And free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too:
Fain would my heart adore my king,
And give him praises due.

5 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above!
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice of love.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

*Lyons*—p. 289.] HYMN 277. 13th P. M. 1010, 1111.

REJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love:
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been;
Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us from sin;
The power of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit all fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

4 No longer we join, while sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight;

Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste for which they were born:
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

*Baltimore*—p. 318.] HYMN 278. 24th P. M. 6666,8,6,8,6.

YE simple souls that stray
  Far from the path of peace,
That unfrequented way
  To life and happiness:
How long will ye your folly love,
  And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
  And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery,
  Ye count our lives beneath,
And nothing great can see,
  Or glorious in our death:
As born to suffer and to grieve,
  Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
  And unlamented die.

3 Poor pensive sojourners,
  O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
  And pleasure's mortal foes;
More irksome than a gaping tomb
  Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
  Of fanciful despair.

4 So wretched and obscure,
  The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak, and poor,
  Above your scorn we rise;

Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things:
For He whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

5 Riches unsearchable,
In Jesus' love we know,
And pleasures from the well
Of life our souls o'erflow;
From him the Spirit we receive,
Of wisdom, grace, and power,
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

7 With him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteousness divine:
On all the grov'ling kings of earth,
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

*Zealand*—p. 268.] HYMN 279. 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76.

OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,

Where the angels praise their king,
And gain the morning star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell in me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things;
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
While Christ to me it brings:
"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh:
In thy mouth and in thy heart,
The word is ever nigh."

*Conquest*—p. 315.] HYMN 280. 22d P. M. 88, 88, 84.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God;
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail! all-victorious, conquering Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;

And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

*M'Kendree*—p. 246.] HYMN 281. 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting king!
Thou didst suffer to redeem us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:

Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give;
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

*Duren*—p. 287.] HYMN 282. 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise!
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free!
The people that can be joyful in thee:
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do;
My king and my Saviour shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own;
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe

*Atlantic*—p. 105.] HYMN 283. L. M.

INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O king of glory, hear my call!
O raise me, heal me by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy grace I am:
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name;
Alive in thee, my living head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be:
My joy t' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord!
Support my weakness with thy might:
Gird on my thigh thy conqu'ring sword,
And shield me in the threat'ning fight:
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

*Acton*—p. 88.] HYMN 284. L. M.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity:

2 Who did for us his life resign:
There is no other God but one;
For all the plentitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
  O may we to his day remain!
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
  Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure!
  The purchased Comforter impart!
Apply thy blood to make us pure:
  To keep us pure in life and heart!

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
  When none thy Godhead shall deny!
Thy sovereign majesty blaspheme,
  Or count thee less than the Most High.

6 When all who on their God believe,
  Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
  And see thy glorious face above.

*Plymouth Dock*—p. 148.] HYMN 285. 1st P.M. 6 *lines* 8s

LO! God is here! let us adore,
  And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
  And silent bow before his face!
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
  Th' united choirs of angels sing;
To him enthroned above all height,
  Heaven's host their noblest praises bring,
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
  Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
  O take! O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works adored!

4 Being of beings! may our praise
  Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
  Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5 In thee we move:—all things of thee
  Are full, thou source and life of all:
Thou vast unfathomable sea!
  (Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men! for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain!

6 As flowers their op'ning leaves display,
  And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
  So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou beam of the eternal beam!
Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame!

*Burnham*—p. 180.] HYMN 286. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
  Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise,
  The Lord of earth and sky:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal king
  Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
  His attributes and name!
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
  All excellences meet:
Who sits upon the throne,
  And shall for ever sit:

Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given;
Above the noblest songs,
Of all in earth and heaven:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

*Milton*—p. 145.] HYMN 287. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! th' immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race,
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
  Jesus, and all in him is mine!
Alive in him, my living head,
  And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

*Triumph*—p. 320.] HYMN 288. 25th P. M. 77,87,77,87

JESUS, take all the glory!
  Thy meritorious passion
The pardon bought, thy mercy brought
  To us the great salvation.
Thee gladly we acknowledge,
  Our only Lord and Saviour,
Thy name confess, thy goodness bless,
  And triumph in thy favour.

2 With angels and archangels
  We prostrate fall before thee:
Again we raise our souls in praise,
  And thankfully adore thee.
Honour, and power, and blessing,
  To thee be ever given,
By all who know thy love below,
  And all our friends in heaven.

*Brewer*—p. 76.] HYMN 289. L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came;

Who died for me, even me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, even for *my* soul was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

*Woodbridge*—p.253.] HYMN 290. 10th P.M. 8 *lines* 8s

A FOUNTAIN of life and of grace
  In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace;
  For all it is open and free:
Jehovah himself doth invite
  To drink of his pleasures unknown;
The streams of immortal delight,
  That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
  By faith of his Spirit we take:
And, freely forgiven, receive
  The mercy for Jesus's sake!
We gain a pure drop of his love;
  The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove,
  And witness a heaven below.

*Fremmington*—p.167.] HYMN 291. 1st P.M. 6 *lines* 8s

WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
  And what my Father's house to thee?
That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
  On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
  And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
  Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, "Live!"
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
  I render to my pard'ning God!
Extol the riches of thy grace,
  And spread thy saving name abroad;
That only name to sinners given
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
  And all within me shouts thy name;
Thy name let every soul adore,
  Thy power let every tongue proclaim:
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find in thee their heaven below.

*Josiah*—p. 263.] HYMN 292. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76

MEET and right it is to sing,
  In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly king,
  The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
  All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
  Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
  In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
  And never, never cease;
Angels, and archangels, all
  Praise the mystic three in one;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
  O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Vying with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above;
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
*We* extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

*Olmutz*—p. 124.] HYMN 293. S. M.

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace:

4 The grace to sinners show'd
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

7 Eternal triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record,
And dwell upon thy love:

8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

*Benevento*—p. 222.] HYMN 294. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss.
Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown:
Glorious and unspeakable.

2 Christ, our brother and our friend,
Shows us his eternal love;
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare;
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

*Conway*—p. 1.] HYMN 295. C. M.

O 'TIS delight, without alloy,
  Jesus, to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
  I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
  When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
  The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing
  When faith and hope shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
  Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
  Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
  Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
  And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
  I come, O Lord, I come.

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
  Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
  And death must yield to love.

*New-Bedford*—p. 19.] HYMN 296. C. M.

THE wisdom own'd by all thy sons,
  To me, O God, impart,
The knowledge of the holy ones,
  The understanding heart.
Thy name, O holy Father, tell
  To one who would believe;
To me thine only Son reveal,
  Thy Holy Spirit give.

2 'Tis life, eternal life, to know
The heavenly persons mine:
Father, and Son, and Spirit bestow
That precious faith divine!
A trinity in unity
My soul shall then adore:
And love, and praise, and worship thee,
JEHOVAH, evermore.

*Gilead*—p. 264.] HYMN 297. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76

GOD of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved the tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire:
Breathe their faith into my breast;
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of man, confest
In all thy saving power!

2 For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage,
Calm I mark their vain design;
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

3 Unto thee, my help, my hope,
My safeguard, and my tower,
Confident I still look up,
And still receive thy power;
All the alien's host I chase,
Blast and scatter with mine eyes;
Satan comes; I turn my face;
And, lo! the tempter flies!

4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
Awhile subsists in chains:

But thou all thy power shalt show,
  And slay its last remains;
Thou hast conquer'd my desire,
  Thou shalt quench it with thy blood;
Fill me with a purer fire,
  And make me all like God.

*New Sabbath*—p. 92.] HYMN 298. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, (a shining frame,)
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
  For ever singing as they shine,
  "The hand that made us is divine."

## FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

*Spaulding*—p. 206.] HYMN 299. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!

2 Let the living stones cry out;
Let the sons of Abr'am shout:
Praise we all our lowly king;
Give him thanks; rejoice and sing.

3 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought,
He hath reconciled to God:
He hath wash'd us in his blood.

4 We are now his lawful right;
Walk as children of the light:
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace
Perfected in holiness.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
Wait, till he appear within.

7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee:
Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.

8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day:
Let thy ev'ry servant say,

"I have now obtain'd the power,
Born of God to sin no more."

*Derby New*—p. 93.] HYMN 300. L. M.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy lovely face,
I seek redemption in thy blood!

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
My friend and advocate with God;
Give me the glorious liberty,
Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

4 Satan with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

*Benson*—p. 105.] HYMN 301. L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

*Southfield*—p. 121.] HYMN 302. S. M.

THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart,
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;

And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

*Canterbury New*—p. 52.] HYMN 303. C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human wo;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart thou know'st can never rest,
Till thou create my peace;
Till of my Eden repossest,
From every sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown;

The hidden manna, and the tree
  Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
  Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
  Thy new, best name of love.

*Framingham*—p. 166.] HYMN 304. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
  Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
  Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
  The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
  Seem fixt, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hind'rances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
  My mind to seek her peace in thee!
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
  No peace my wand'ring soul shall see;
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
  That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
  The lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 O hide this self from me, that I
  No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
  Nor let one darling lust survive!

In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!

6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

7 Ah no; ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am:
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame:
O help, that I may never move,
From the blest footsteps of thy love!

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

*Stephens*—p. 50.] HYMN 305. C. M.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

*Lancaster*—p. 64.] HYMN 306. C. M.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conq'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

*Philadelphia*—p. 212.] HYMN 307. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!

Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

*Irene*—p. 307.] HYMN 308. 20th P. M. 66, 77, 7

JESUS, thou art our king!
To me thy succour bring—
Christ the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This the word; I claim it now;
Send me now the promised aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help, attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be king to me!

3 I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee t' obey;
Thee my spirit gasps to meet:
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy seat;
O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul,
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

*Paradise*—p. 40.] HYMN 309. C. M.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;

And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve:
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

*Love Divine*—p. 245.] HYMN 310. 9th P. M. 87, 87, 87, 87.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

*Forest*—p. 76.] HYMN 311. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

*Damascus*—p. 225.] HYMN 312. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

*Hotham*—p. 223.] HYMN 313. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield;
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art,
"Holiness unto the Lord,"
Still be written on our heart!

*St. Jago*—p. 50.] HYMN 314. C. M.

LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert!
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire?

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

*Plymouth Dock*—p. 148.] HYMN 315. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

BEHOLD, the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose;
Let all my fruit be found of thee;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule, or change, as seems thee meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,

And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thine own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey:
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

*Stanton*—p. 215.] HYMN 316. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Gracious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers:
Take my memory, mind, and will:
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

5 Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own:

Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

*Golden Hill*—p. 120.] HYMN 317. S. M.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;

And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

7 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

*Canterbury New*—p. 52.] HYMN 318. C. M

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!

Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
When, enter'd into rest,
I only live my God t' admire,
My God for ever blest!

8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

*Auburn*—p. 260.] HYMN 319. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centred in thee;
I trust to recover thy love:
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died:
A fountain of water and blood,
That gush'd from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the streams of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown:
And then to redrink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

*Mendom*—p. 279.] HYMN 320. 12th P. M. 76, 76, 78, 76

EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my all!
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
Thy perfect love impart;
With th' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart;
If with love thy heart be stored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off th' entail of sin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
My portion here below:

Nothing would I seek but thee,
  Thee only would I know;
My exceeding great reward,
  My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
  And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
  Of those that are in thee:
Son of God, thyself reveal,
  Engrave thy name on me!
As in heaven, be here adored,
  And let me now the promise prove,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
  And perfect me in love.

*Spring Grove*—p. 165.] HYMN 321. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

FIRST PART.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
  No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
  And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
  May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole,
  My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
  All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
  Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
  Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
  This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

SECOND PART.

MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
  In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd;
For me, on the accursed tree,
  Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood!
Thine image on my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

2 More hard than marble is my heart,
  And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But thou the mighty Saviour art;
  Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain.
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

3 O that I, as a little child,
  May follow thee and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
  And lowly mind into my breast;
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

4 Still let thy love point out my way;
  How wond'rous things thy love hath wrought;
Still lead me, lest I go astray:
  Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near

5 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
  In weakness be thy love my power;

And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

*Spring*—p. 206.] HYMN 322. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin:
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease;
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

*Jordan*—p. 54.] HYMN 323. C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!

Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee,—O my all-sufficient good!
I want,—and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this be given:
Nothing besides my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!

8 The bliss thou hast for me prepared,
No longer be delay'd,
Come, my exceeding great reward,
For whom I first was made.

9 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God!

*Jerusalem*—p. 31.] HYMN 324. C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view;

Conq'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O glorious hope)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou water'st from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

*Piety*—p. 56.] HYMN 325. C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;

My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

*Sharon*—p. 266.] HYMN 326. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76

NOW, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart!
Purge the love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine:
Purify our faith like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

*Blandford*—p. 48.] HYMN 327. C. M.

COME, thou omniscient Son of man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, th' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven;
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thine eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase,
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfected by thee.

*Ashburton*—p. 169.] HYMN 328. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, ~~or can,~~ or am:
I stay me on thy faithful word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
For which thy precious life was given:
Redeem from all iniquity,
Restore, and make me meet for heaven!
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suff'ring and my faith are vain.

3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear?
That I thy mind in me might have?
In holiness show forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself but thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To him who gave himself for me?
Come, then, my master and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change and throughly purify:
Thine only may I live and die.

*Milo*—p. 77.] HYMN 329. L. M.

AN inward baptism of pure fire,
Wherewith to be baptized I have;
'Tis all my longing soul's desire;
This, only this my soul can save.

2 Straiten'd I am till this be done;
Kindle in me the living flame;
Father, in me reveal thy Son;
Baptize me into Jesus' name.

3 Transform my nature into thine,
Let all my powers thine impress feel,
Let all my soul become divine,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

4 Love, mighty love, my heart o'erpower;
Ah! why dost thou so long delay?
Cut short the work, bring near the hour,
And let me see the perfect day.

5 Behold, for thee I ever wait,
Now let in me thine image shine,
Now the new heaven and earth create,
And plant with righteousness divine.

6 If with the wretched sons of men
It still be thy delight to live,
Come, Lord, beget my soul again,
Thyself thy quick'ning Spirit give.

*Sutton*—p. 119.] HYMN 330. S. M.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then, for Jesus sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make;
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

*Zuara*—p. 204.] HYMN 331. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of thy death divide;
And, O! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love!

*Swanwick*—p. 15.] HYMN 332. C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above:
Thy goodness thankfully adores:
And sure I taste thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height:
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

*Sabbath*—p. 227.] HYMN 333. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s

FIRST PART.

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd,
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice!
Lonely deserts now rejoice!

Gladsome hallelujahs sing:
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come:
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 See, these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers—
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
We behold, (the abjects we!)
Christ, th' incarnate Deity,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
Excellence of strength divine.

4 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down:
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong,
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail,
Jesus is unchangeable.

5 God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom:
He shall come, and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found thee true!
Blind we were, but now we see:
Deaf; we hearken now to thee:
Dumb; for thee our tongues employ:
Lame; and lo! we leap for joy.

6 Faint we were, and parch'd with drought;
Water at thy word gush'd out:
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness:
Still we gasp thy grace to know!
Here for ever let it flow;

Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

SECOND PART.

WHERE the ancient dragon lay,
Open for thyself a way!
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of paradise.
Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

2 There the simple cannot stray,
Babes, though blind, may find the way:
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart.
Far from fear, from danger far,
No devouring beast is there;
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their footsteps sure.

3 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them;
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransom'd by thy dying love!
Leave us not below to mourn;
Fain we would to thee return:
Crown'd with righteousness, arise
Far above these nether skies.

4 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thy endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy,
Sorrow then shall yield to joy;
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

*Cookham*—p. 147.] HYMN 334. 4 *lines* 7s.

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

*Newcourt*—p. 175.] HYMN 335. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

O JESUS, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair:
E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began:
Thou, when th' appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God was man with man.

3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain;
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great deliverer, and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gently may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear;
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call
A heart that no desire can move,
But still t' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all!

*Gildersome*—p. 41.] HYMN 336. C. M.

JESUS, the life, the truth, the way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

*Meriden*—p. 57.] HYMN 337. C. M.

COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own,
And reign thyself in me:
In my poor heart erect thy throne,
And make me truly free.

2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.

3 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
For I renounce them too;
My weakness with thy strength I join,
Thy strength shall all subdue.

4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

5 Thy love the conquest more than gains,
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus, the king, the conq'ror reigns;
Bow down to Jesus' name.

6 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

*Forest*—p. 76.] HYMN 338. L. M.

WHAT! never speak one evil word?
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
Th' abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace:
O might thy Spirit th' blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

*Gilford*—p. 86.] HYMN 339. L. M.

O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart;
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;
Prepare for thee the holiest place!
Then, O essential love, come in!
And fill thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive.

4 A heart, thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove:
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

*Swanwick*—p. 15.] HYMN 340. C. M.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, e'en us fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve:
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown:
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt be done."

5 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

*Danvers*—p. 100.] HYMN 341. L. M.

FIRST PART.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see:
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst and make me clean.
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

4 Purge me from every sinful blot,
My idols all be cast aside,
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

6 O take this heart of stone away!
  Thy sway it doth not, cannot own:
In me no longer let it stay;
  O take away this heart of stone!

7 O that I now, from sin released
  Thy word may to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promised rest,
  The Canaan of thy perfect love.

*Canada*—p. 89.] SECOND PART.

FATHER, supply my every need;
  Sustain the life thyself hast given;
O grant the never-failing bread,
  The manna that comes down from heaven!

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
  Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
  Nor ever let me hunger more!

3 Let me no more in deep complaint,
  "My leanness, O my leanness!" cry:
Alone consumed with pining want,
  Of all my Father's children, I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
  Thy joyous presence shall remove!
But my full soul shall still require
  A whole eternity of love.

*Pilesgrove*—p. 95.] THIRD PART.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
  I want to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
  And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
  Display thy glory from above;

And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
Now let me into nothing fall;
As less nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is *all* in *all!*

*Bether*—p. 216.] HYMN 342. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s

SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty!
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace!
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my advocate divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, life divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move, and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate, and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temples stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart!

*Paradise*—p. 40.] HYMN 343. C. M.

O JESUS! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since thou would'st have us free from sin,
And pure as those above;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love!

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever fill'd with God!

*Gorham*—p. 12.] HYMN 344. C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
  Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
  And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
  For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
  The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
  He shall my soul redeem!
In Jesus I believe, and shall
  Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
  My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
  To fill and rule thy heart!"

6 Be it according to thy word,
  Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
  Come in, my Lord, come in!

*Chaplin*—p. 269.] HYMN 345. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
  So great, so strong, so high!
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
  He rides upon the sky!
Israel is his first-born son:
  God, th' almighty God is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
  The excellence divine!

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
  To succour and defend;
Thee th' eternal God sustains,
  Thy Maker and thy friend:

Israel, what hast thou to dread?
  Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
  The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
  The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
  And make an end of sin;
God the man of sin shall slay,
  Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
  "Destroy them all, destroy!"

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
  And wars and fighting cease:
Israel then shall sin no more,
  But dwell in perfect peace.
All his enemies are gone:
  Sin shall have in him no part:
Israel now shall dwell alone,
  With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
  His lot shall be below:
Comforts there, and blessings join,
  And milk and honey flow!
Jacob's well is in his soul:
  Gracious dews his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
  And shall for ever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou!
  What people is like thee!
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
  Thou art and still shalt be.
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
  Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
  To God's almighty word.

*Upton*—p. 101.] HYMN 346. L. M

HE wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,
Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine!

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will:
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move.
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

*Doddridge*—p. 99.] HYMN 347. L. M.

JESUS, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole:
Entirely all my sins remove!
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

*Douglass*—p. 5.] HYMN 348. C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee,
Against the spirit unclean:
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power:
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature, from this hour,
My pride and passion slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confess;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy Spirit pour:
And bless me, who believe thy word,
With that last glorious shower!

*Alfreton*—p. 77.] HYMN 349. L. M.

THOU God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesus' name we call,
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of thy cross
Our old offending nature lies;
Now, for the honour of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice!

3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood
  Consume our stony hearts within;
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
  And dry up all the streams of sin.

4 Its body totally destroy!
  Thyself the Lord, the God approve!
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
  And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall!
  Our sins its ready victims find:
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
  Nor leave the least remains behind.

6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore;
  The Lord, he is the God, confess;
He is the God of saving power!
  He is the God of hallowing grace.

*Salem*—p. 9.] HYMN 350. C. M.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
  This mountain sin remove!
Now in my waiting soul reveal
  The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
  Thy righteousness brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
  To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
  And can no longer doubt!
Remove from hence, to sin I say,
  Be cast this moment out.

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
  This moment be subdued!
Be cast into the crimson tide
  Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now!

6 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

*Bramcoat*—p. 79.] HYMN 351. L. M.

QUICKEN'D with our immortal head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above,
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain

*Norwich*—p. 211.] HYMN 352. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?

Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

*Nahant*—p. 110.] HYMN 353. L. M.

JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride, the plague expel,
Jesus, thine humble self impart;
O let thy mind within me dwell:
O give me lowliness of heart!

3 Enter thyself and cast out sin:
Thy spotless purity bestow;
Touch me and make the leper clean,
Wash me and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

*Shoel*—p. 91.] HYMN 354. L. M.

JESUS, to thee my heart I bow;
Strange flames far from my soul remove;
Fairest among ten thousand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my life, my love.

2 All heaven thou fill'st with pure desire,
  O shine upon my frozen breast!
With sacred love my heart inspire,
  Let me thy hidden sweetness taste.

3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,
  Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side:
All hail, thou suff'ring, conqu'ring God!
  Now man shall live, for Christ hath died.

4 O kill in me this rebel sin,
  And triumph o'er my willing breast!
Restore thine image, Lord, therein,
  And lead me to thy Father's rest.

5 Let earthly love be far away:
  Saviour, be thou my love alone;
No more may mine usurp the sway;
  In me thy only will be done.

6 And thou true witness, spotless Lamb,
  All things for thee I count but loss;
My sole desire, my constant aim,
  My only glory, be thy cross.

*Derby New*—p. 93.] HYMN 355. L. M.

IF now I have acceptance found
  With thee, or favour in thy sight,
Still with thy grace and truth surround,
  And arm me with thy Spirit's might.

2 O may I hear thy warning voice,
  And timely fly from danger near,
With rev'rence unto thee rejoice,
  And love thee with a filial fear:

3 Still hold my soul in second life,
  And suffer not my feet to slide:
Support me in the glorious strife,
  And comfort me on every side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase;
Finish the work begun in me,
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee!

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide
And bring me to the promised land:
Where righteousness and peace reside,
And all submit to love's command!

6 A land where milk and honey flow,
And springs of pure delights arise,
Delights which I shall shortly know,
When I regain my paradise.

*Proclamation*—p. 130.] HYMN 356. S. M.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within:
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health, remove;
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right;
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

*Quito*—p. 94.] HYMN 357. L. M.

COME, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless wo.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease·
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait,
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

*Sherburne*—p. 196.] HYMN 358. 4th P. M. 886, 886

BUT can it be that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
Mighty, and merciful, and just,
Thy sacred word is past;
And I who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power,
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above:

Thou canst, thou wilt my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou wilt not let me sin;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting friend.

*Winter*—p. 16.] HYMN 359. C. M.

WHEN shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

2 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew!

3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While sanctified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

*Elliott*—p. 152.] HYMN 360. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, thy mecries I embrace;
The breath thou giv'st, for thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace;

No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born!

2 Preserved through faith, by power divine
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power:
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror:
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be fill'd with God!
Live to declare I'm saved from sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born!

*Spencer*—p. 172.] HYMN 361. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
Sprinkled with th' atoning blood;
Now to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there:
Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
Eternal life's coeval beam,
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
  Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell:
Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
  All, all my vileness may I feel.

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
  My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
  In love create thou all things new.

5 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
  To thee with my whole heart aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
  Be thou alone my one desire!

6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head,
  Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face:
Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace—
  Glory in dissolution near.

7 My will be swallow'd up in thee!
Light in thy light still may I see,
  Beholding thee with open face:
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
  And all my spotless life be praise.

8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
  Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
  And know that I am one with God.

*Mexico*—p. 34.] HYMN 362. C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given:
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

4 O God, thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised seed.

5 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from naught.

6 Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou callest by their name;
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.

7 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

8 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

9 Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

10 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give!
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

11 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

*Clarendon*—p. 33.] HYMN 363. C. M.

DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul;
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me t' endure;
Till bold to say, my hallowing Lord,
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see th' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one;
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love!

*Pensford*—p. 265.] HYMN 364. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole:

Stretch my faith's capacity
  Wider and yet wider still:
Then with all that is in thee
  My soul for ever fill!

*Sedbury*—p. 151.] HYMN 365. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
  Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
  O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
  If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal:
  Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
  So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
  Till all my hallow'd soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
  My treasure and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship now,
  Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir,
  Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear;
  More sensibly within me live:
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

*Monmouth*—p. 173.] HYMN 366. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove;
Thou hast in honour of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood t' apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease,
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love!
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above.

4 Till added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumphs higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain;
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

*Neginoth*—p. 171.] HYMN 367. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer inbred sin:
Of love to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?

Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast:
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven:
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine!
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

*Holly*—p. 160.] HYMN 368. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O LOVE, I languish at thy stay!
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart!
Weary and faint through long delay:
When wilt thou come into my heart?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee!

2 Come, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

3 Be thou, O love, whate'er I want:
  Support my feebleness of mind;
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint,
  Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick and raise the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight!
  My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
  My joy, my glory, and my crown:
My gospel hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradise.

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
  The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart!
  The name inscribed on the white stone!
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

*Richmond*—p. 267.] HYMN 369. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76

FIRST PART.

O GREAT mountain, who art thou?
  Immense, immoveable!
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
  Thy foot sinks deep as hell!
Thee, alas, I long have known,
  Long have felt thee fix'd within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan;
  Thou art *indwelling sin.*

2 Thou art darkness in my mind,
  Perverseness in my will!
Love inordinate and blind,
  That always cleaves to ill:
Every passion's wild excess;
  Anger, lust, and pride thou art:

Thou art sin, and sinfulness,
  And unbelief of heart!

3 Not by human might or power
  Canst thou be moved from hence:
But thou shalt flow down before
  Divine Omnipotence:
My Zerubbabel is near:
  I have not believed in vain:
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
  Shall sink into a plain.

4 Christ, the head, the corner-stone,
  Shall be brought forth in me:
Glory be to Christ alone!
  His grace shall set me free:
I shall shout my Saviour's name;
  Him I evermore shall praise:
All the work of grace proclaim,
  Of sanctifying grace.

5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
  And Christ shall build me up:
Surely I shall soon be made
  Partaker of my hope:
AUTHOR of my faith he is,
  He its FINISHER shall be;
Perfect love shall seal me his
  To all eternity.

SECOND PART.

WHO hath slighted or contemn'd
  The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd;
  'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands!
  Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
  To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away;
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord,
Reign thou in my heart alone;
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

*Bellville*—p. 144.] HYMN 370. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just,
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove:
Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love:
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners, I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
  Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long:
  Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail, if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
  Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!
  Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
  And rose, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
  Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
  Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
  Shall come and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word;
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
  And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
  Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

*Pilesgrove*—p. 95.] HYMN 371. L. M.

LET not the wise their wisdom boast;
  The mighty glory in his might:
The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
  Which take their everlasting flight.

The rush of numerous years bears down
  The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
  When dust he turns to dust again?

2 One only gift can justify
  The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
  I glory in his sprinkled blood.
The Lord my righteousness I praise,
  I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
  In Christ to endless ages mine.

*Dover*—p. 120.] HYMN 372. S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
  With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
  I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
  Restore to thee thy own;
And from this moment live or die,
  To serve my God alone.

*Belville*—p. 144.] HYMN 373. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O GOD, what offering shall I give
  To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
  A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
  No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole!
  Cheer it with hope, with love inflame!
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light for ever shine:
This house still let thy presence fill:
O source of life—live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

4 O never in these veils of shame,
(Sad fruits of sin,) my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through thy name,
My soul, and let me put on thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.

5 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity:
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

6 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole bus'ness be thy praise!

*Salem*—p. 9.] HYMN 374. C. M.

FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored:
My all thy property I own:
The steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down, I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strength'ning me,

I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determined all thy will t' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

*Resignation*—p. 41.] HYMN 375. C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift;
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought receive;
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace,
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call;

In whom we are, and move, and live,
Our God is ALL in ALL.

*Monmouth*—p. 173.] HYMN 376. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

THOU, Jesus, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And loose a stamm'ring infant's tongue:
Prepare the vessel of thy grace;
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song:
Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jesus' blood;
Mercy that earth and heaven transcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light:
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends.

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill th' allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by thee prepared,
And find annex'd the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.
When I have lived to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
And let me take my place above!
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

## TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PROVIDENCE

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*Clarendon*—p. 33.] HYMN 377. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there!

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

9 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

10 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

*St. Asaphs*—p. 282.] HYMN 378. 12th P. M. 76,76,77,76

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;

Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow
And ever in his faith abide,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove:
Show the length, the breadth, the height
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

*Woodland*—p. 13.] HYMN 379. C. M

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

*Antigua*—p. 81.] HYMN 380. L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

*St. Ann's*—p. 2.] HYMN 381. C. M.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee:
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

*Cookham*—p. 209.] HYMN 382. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee:

*Ward*—p. 109.] HYMN 383. L. M.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my master led;
The Son of God, the son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the rock of ages move!
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

*Troas*—p. 135.] HYMN 384. S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain,
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove;
And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O king of kings!

What's thy unerring wisdom's choice,
  Thy power to being brings.

4 Thou every where hast way,
  And all things serve thy might;
Thine every act pure blessing is,
  Thy path unsullied light;
When thou arisest, Lord,
  What shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'st
  Who, who shall stay thy hand?

*Pelham*—p. 128.] 23 HYMN 385. S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
  Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
  God shall lift up thy head:
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
  He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
  Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
  Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
  And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
  Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
  And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
  To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
  How wise; how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
  His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
  That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

*Bridgewater*—p. 85.] HYMN 386. L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly!
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

*Provision*—p. 289.] HYMN 387. 13th P.M. 10 10, 11 11.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright.
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abr'am of old:
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

*Belville*—p. 144.] HYMN 388. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

*Bedford*—p. 10.] HYMN 389. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

*Doddridge*—p. 79.] HYMN 390. L. M.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

*Quebec*—p. 110.] HYMN 391. L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear!
Thy great provider still is near:
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be:
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all;
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need,
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

7 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest:
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

*Gorham*—p. 193.] HYMN 392. 4th P. M. 4 8s & 2 6s.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father, shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, One and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be all in all.

*Dundee*—p. 2.] HYMN 393. C. M.

JESUS, great shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;

Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree:
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

*Liberty*—p. 146.] HYMN 394. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou goest, to follow thee
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved t' obey:
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone:
Whate'er I have was freely given:
Nothing but sin I call my own:
Other propriety disclaim:
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign:
Being thou art, and love, and power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

*Asylum*—p. 281.] HYMN 395. 11th P.M. 76,76,78,76.

CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in distresses past,
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey:
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;

Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own:
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

*Gilford*—p. 86.] HYMN 396. L. M.

THOU Lamb of God, thou prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's hosts adore their king,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

*Hebron*—p. 111.] HYMN 397. L. M.

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above:

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

*Roseland*—p. 286.] HYMN 398. 13th P. M. 10 10 11 11.

THE earth is the Lord's, and all it contains;
The truth of his word for ever remains;
The saints have a mountain of blessings in him;
His grace is the fountain, his peace is the stream.

2 To him our request we now have made known,
Who sees what is best for each of his own:

Our heathenish care, we cast it aside;
He heareth the prayer, and he will provide.

3 The modest and meek the earth shall possess:
The kingdom who seek of Jesus's grace,
The power of his Spirit shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit, in virtue of one.

*Ledbury*—p. 151.] HYMN 399. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee·
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;

Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
  Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
  Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
  When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

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## THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

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*Pelham*—p. 128.] HYMN 400. S. M.

### FIRST PART.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
  And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
  Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
  And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
  Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
  With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
  The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
  And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
  And stand entire at last.

3 Stand, then, against your foes,
  In close and firm array;

Legions of wily fiends oppose
  Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
  But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
  Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
  No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
  And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
  To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
  That was in Christ your head.

*Charing*—p. 129.] SECOND PART.

BUT, above all, lay hold
  On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
  Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
  Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
  And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
  What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
  Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
  All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
  Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
  Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your captain's sight,
  And watching unto prayer.

Ready for all alarms,
  Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
  And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing, pray,
  (Your captain gives the word,)
His summons cheerfully obey,
  And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
  In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
  Pray, without ceasing pray.

*Charlestown*—p.138] THIRD PART.

IN fellowship alone,
  To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
  With all the power of prayer;
Go to his temple, go,
  Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
  And every heart his love.

2 To God your spirits dart;
  Your souls in words declare;
Or groan to him who reads the heart,
  Th' unutterable prayer;
His mercy now implore,
  And now show forth his praise,
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
  His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
  And bow them with your knees;
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
  And pray for Sion's peace.
Your guides and brethren bear,
  For ever on your mind;

Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
  In grasping all mankind.

4 From strength to strength go on,
  Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
  And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry,
  In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
  And take the conquerors home.

*Watchman*—p. 118.] HYMN 401. S. M.

FIRST PART.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
  Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;
  The powers of hell surround;
Who bow to Christ's command,
  Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
  Go forth to glorious war!

2 See, on the mountain top,
  The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
  All stain'd in hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearer, I
  To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
  He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your head,
  Your captain's footsteps see;
Follow your captain, and be led
  To certain victory.
All power to him is given:
  He ever reigns the same:

Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

4 Only have faith in God:
In faith your foes assail:
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

SECOND PART.

ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try:
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth th' usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

3 Jesus' tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

4 Our captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
"Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

*Annapolis*—p. 22.] HYMN 402. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

*Cranbrook*—p. 131.] HYMN 403. S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
  Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
  With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
  Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
  Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!
  In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
  But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
  With meekness to reprove!
To hate the sin with all my heart,
  But still the sinner love.

*Eaton*—p. 154.] HYMN 404. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
  What hast thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
  Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
  My bleeding sacrifice expired:
But didst thou not my pattern die,
  That by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suff'ring sure?

3 Thou didst the meek example leave,
  That I might in thy footsteps tread;
Might like the man of sorrows grieve,
  And groan, and bow with thee my head:
The dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suff'ring share.

4 Thy every suff'ring servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee:
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, thro' death, the glorious prize.

5 This is the strait, the royal way
That leads us to the courts above:
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

*Neginoth*—p. 171.] HYMN 405. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within;
Nor swift to flee, nor strong t' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin;
Single, yet undismay'd, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds my soul to shake;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God, from heaven he came,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

4 Salvation in his name there is,
Salvation from sin, death, and hell;
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation who can tell?

But all he hath for mine I claim,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

*Trowbridge*—p. 164.] HYMN 406. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am;
  Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
  The Lord protects, for ever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
  I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
  And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm; for God is there!

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
  And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
  The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
  And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
  Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
  (Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
  Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
  And sorrow's waves around me roll,

And high the storms of trouble rise,
  And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
  Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
  Pour all its flames upon my head;
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

*Spring Grove*—p. 165.] HYMN 407. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
  My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
  To me, to me thy goodness show;
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
  Make all thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:
  O might I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 There, in the place beside thy throne,
  Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into thy Son;
  Cover me with thy mighty hand:
Set me upon the rock, and hide
My soul in Jesus' wounded side

4 O put me in the cleft; empower
  My soul the glorious sight to bear!
Descend in this accepted hour;
  Pass by me, and thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And show thyself the God of love.

*Zion*—p. 155.] HYMN 408. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

TO thee, great God of love, I bow!
  And prostrate in thy sight adore:
By faith I see thee passing now;
  I have, but still I ask for more;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 I cannot see thy face and live!
  Then let me see thy face and die!—
Now, Lord, my gasping spirit receive,
  Give me on eagles' wings to fly;
With eagles' eyes on thee to gaze,
And plunge into the glorious blaze.

3 The fulness of my vast reward,
  A blest eternity shall be:—
But hast thou not on earth prepared
  Some better thing than this for me?
What,—but one drop?—one transient sight?
I want a sun—a sea of light.

4 Moses thy backward parts might view,
  But not a perfect sight obtain;
The gospel doth thy fulness show
  To us, by the commandment slain:
The dead to sin shall find the grace;
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

5 More favour'd than the saints of old,
  Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all with open face behold
  In Christ, the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put salvation on,
The nature of thy sinless Son.

6 This, this is our high calling's prize!
  Thine image in thy Son I claim:
And still to higher glories rise,
  Till, all transform'd, I know thy name:

And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesus' love.

*Rapture*—p. 195.] HYMN 409. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead:
My present help in time of need,
  My great deliverer thou!
Haste to my aid! thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine!
  I claim the promise now!

2 Where is the way? ah, show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare,
  The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
  Answer, O Lord, for me!

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
  From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
  Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
  To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me till the storm be past,
  Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, almighty love,
Shall every stumbling block remove,
  And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath,
  To everlasting day.

*Morrison*—p. 112.] HYMN 410. L. M.

FONDLY my foolish heart essays
  T' augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise,
  With drops of creature happiness.

2 O love, thy sovereign aid impart;
  And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion, thou, my treasure art,
  My life, and happiness, and heaven.

3 Would aught on earth my wishes share,
  Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
  Resolved to seek my all in thee.

4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
  To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign;
  Give me thyself, I ask no more.

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## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

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*Troas*—p. 135.] HYMN 411. S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
  And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
  For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
  To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
  And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
  What conflicts have we past,

Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

*Rowley*—p. 296.] HYMN 412. 15th P. M. 11 9, 11 9.

COME away to the skies, my beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
On this festival day, come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love and our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of our Lord, we remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise the original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive from his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are, created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again, that our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve the design of thy love
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;

So united in heart, that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet, we shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and king,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see, and cry out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

*Tenham*—p. 301.] HYMN 413. 18th P. M. 10, 5, 11

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;

No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's here!
4 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

*Salem*—p. 294.] HYMN 414. 15th P. M. 11 9, 11 9.

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great king!
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng

In the spirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is "Mercy divine."

6 Hallelujah they cry,
To the king of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads;
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night,
We feast in his sight;
And eternity seems as a day.

*Annapolis*—p. 22.] HYMN 415. C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
  Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
  And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
  Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
  And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
  Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
  With all the sanctified.

*Haddam*—p. 183.] HYMN 416. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s

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THOU God of truth and love,
  We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
  Thy providence t' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
  In the same age and place?
And why together brought
  To see each other's face;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
  That we might one remain;
Together travel on,
  And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
  Our kindred spirits here,

That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear:
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

*Zealand*—p.268.] HYMN 417. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76

FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays
Father, glorify thy Son!
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful witness, thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not the living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;

Glow our hearts to find thee near,
And swell to make thee room;
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

*Douglass*—p. 5.] HYMN 418. C M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
The spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:

Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!

8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride,
Triumphant through the skies.

9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

*Boston*—p.213.] HYMN 419. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the prince of peace,
Bids our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;

On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

*Damascus*—p. 225.] HYMN 420. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

## LOVE FEAST.

### FIRST PART.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive:
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God;
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died:
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:

Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

SECOND PART.

COME, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:
Humbly stoop to earth again:
Come and visit abject man!
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For thyself our hearts prepare:
Come, and sit, and banquet there!

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace,
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels sound,
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb:
Let us lean upon thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast!

*Damascus*—p. 225.] THIRD PART. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands:
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up:
God his blessing shall dispense;
God shall crown his ordinance;
Meet in his appointed ways;
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve;
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies;
Only faith the grace applies:
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin;
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end;
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith which works by love.

*Damascus*—p.225.] FOURTH PART. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ, our prophet, priest, and king:
Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise:
Walk in him we have received:
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee th' unholy cannot see:
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know.
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

*Warwick*—p. 47.] HYMN 421. C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

*Sabbath*—p. 227.] HYMN 422. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

PEACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!
Let the Spirit now come down:
Let the blessing now take place:
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ, my master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be:
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them, and visit me.
To this house and all herein
Now let thy salvation come:
Save our souls from inbred sin!
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd:
Till we are of thee possest,
Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd;
Till we all in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost;
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

*Rochdale*—p. 205.] HYMN 423. 4th P. M. 886, 886

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name!

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our love and faith abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

*Devonshire*—p. 284.] HYMN 424. 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

ALL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet:
His love we proclaim, his praises repeat:
We own him our Jesus, continually near,
To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,
Preserved by his grace throughout the dark hour:
In all our temptation he keeps us, to prove
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.

3 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free;
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given this moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O love, in my heart.

*Morning Hymn*—p. 159.] HYMN 425. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
  Who load us with reproach and shame;
As servants of the Lord most high,
  As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
  From every evil to depart:
To stop the mouth of every foe,
  While upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

*Amherst*—p. 14.] HYMN 426. C. M.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
  The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
  Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
  Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait according to thy word,
  Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
  But O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
  Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
  And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
  "The Holy Ghost receive."

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
  Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
  Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive!
Speak, and the tokens show,
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you!"

*Amana*—p. 291.] HYMN 427. 13th P. M. 10 10, 11 11.

APPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 O what shall we do our Saviour to love!
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above,
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give!
Give us the salvation of all that believe!

3 O Jesus, appear, no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see;
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee!

*Fountain*—p. 29.] HYMN 428. C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;

Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

*Flixton*—p. 182.] HYMN 429. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs!
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs;
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.

7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruin'd earth and heaven!
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

8 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace:
In perfect holiness renew'd;
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God!

*Schaeffer*—p. 62.] HYMN 430. C. M.

GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name;
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one:

And each to each in Jesus join'd,
  We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul;
  No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
  To sever us in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
  And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and prayer
  We each to other fly.

6 In Jesus Christ together we
  In heavenly places sit:
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
  The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Christ in God!
  Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
  On all his members here.

8 The heavenly treasure now we have
  In a vile house of clay;
But He shall to the utmost save,
  And keep us to that day.

9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
  And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
  With him on Zion's hill.

10 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
  Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
  When saints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
  In robes of white array'd:
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
  And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through:
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jesus, quickly come!

*Shepherd*—p. 130.] HYMN 431. S. M.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant head,
To farther conquests go.

4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

10 Abr'am and Isaac, there,
And Jacob shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer
Who now in bodies live.

11 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

12 To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

*Braintree*—p. 29.] HYMN 432. C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is king!
The king is now our friend!

3 We for his sake count all things lost
On earthly good look down:
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share!
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on, we'll meet you there!

*Haven*—p. 231.] HYMN 433. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow,
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure:
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,

Till we are in Jesus found,
  Of our paradise possest:
He removes the flaming sword,
  Calls us back from Eden driven:
To his image here restored,
  Soon he takes us up to heaven!

*Olney*—p. 134.] HYMN 434. S. M.

SAVIOUR of sinful men,
  Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
  And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
  Our safeguard and our tower:
Hath saved us from the world and sin,
  And all th' accuser's power.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
  That still on earth we live;
Unspotted in so foul a place,
  And innocently grieve:
We shall from Sodom flee,
  When perfected in love;
And haste to better company
  Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
  Our friends that went before,
We soon in paradise shall find,
  And meet to part no more;
In yon thrice happy seat,
  Waiting for us they are:
And thou shalt there a husband meet,
  And I a parent there!

4 O what a mighty change
  Shall Jesus' suff'rers know!
While o'er the happy plains they range,
  Incapable of wo!

No ill-requited love
  Shall there our spirits wound:
No base ingratitude above;
  No sin in heaven is found.

5 There all our griefs are spent!
  There all our sorrows end:
We cannot there the fall lament
  Of a departed friend!
A brother dead to God,
  By sin, alas! undone!
No father there, in passion loud,
  Cries, "O my son, my son!"

6 No slightest touch of pain,
  Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
  Our purity of joy!
In that eternal day
  No clouds or tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
  For ever from our eyes.

*Elliot*—p. 152.] HYMN 435. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift,
  May all our hearts with love o'erflow!
With thanks for thy continued gift,
  That still thy gracious name we know;
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
  Thy feeble, tempted foll'wers here!
We have through fire and water gone;
  But saw thee on the floods appear;
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our deliverer's name.

3 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
  O keep us faithful to the end!

When robed in majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

*Sicily*—p. 122.] HYMN 436. S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget;
We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

*Broomsgrove*—p. 30.] HYMN 437. C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same
And cordially agree,
United all through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet.

*Walley*—p. 113.] HYMN 438. L. M.

UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace:
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

7 O let us take a softer mould;
Blended and gather'd into thee;
Under one shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare:
Unite and perfect us in one!

9 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

*Philadelphia*—p. 212.] HYMN 439. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care;
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependance vain,
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings!
Taste our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

*Ward*—p. 109.] HYMN 440. L. M.

SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 O let us on thy fulness feed!
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood!
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesus thy flesh is angels' food.

6 The heavenly manna faith imparts:
Faith makes thy fulness all our own;
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou art one.

*Rest*—p. 214.] HYMN 441. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine!

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Levell'd at one common aim:
Every word and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us altogether rise,
To thy glorious light restored;
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earnest given:
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

*Salisbury*—p. 163.] HYMN 442. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

JESUS, with kindest pity see
The souls that would be one in thee!
If now accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us e'en on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love!

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread
The wish which doth from thee proceed:
Our love from earthly dross refine;
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee, its great author, let it show,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, resorb it into thee!
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life:
And lost in endless raptures prove
Thy whole immensity of love.

4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its source aspire:
To thee in every wish return,
Intensely for thy glory burn:
While all our souls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity.

*Gratitude*—p. 30.] HYMN 443. C. M.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend on every soul;
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and revives the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

*Sabbath*—p. 227.] HYMN 444. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s

FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee!
Draw us by thy grace alone:
Give, O give us to thy Son.
Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be join'd;
Each to each unite and bless,
Keep us still in perfect peace.

2 Heavenly, all-alluring dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace impart;
Dwell within our single heart.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost;
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise!

*Murray*—p. 137.] HYMN 445. S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

*Crawford*—p. 34.] HYMN 446. C. M.

GIVER of concord, prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.

2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn wills control,
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled soul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy,
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.

4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control,
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

6 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

*Bath Abbey*—p. 233.] HYMN 447. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

2 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:
Never from our office move:
Needful to each other prove:
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

*Nashville*—p. 176.] HYMN 448. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

OUR friendship sanctify and guide,
Unmix'd with selfishness and pride,
  Thy glory be our single aim!
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
  And never meet but in thy name.
Fix on thyself our single eye;
Still let us on thyself rely
  For all the help that each conveys;
The help as from thy hand receive,
And still to thee all glory give,
  All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

2 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know,
  Let each the common burden bear;
In comforts and in griefs agree,
And wrestle for his friends with thee,
  In all th' omnipotence of prayer.

Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all thy glorious self reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize:
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in thy whole image rise.

3 Witnesses of th' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above:
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.
True yoke-fellows, by love compell'd
To labour in the gospel field,
Our all let us delight to spend
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep,
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

*Upton*—p. 101.] HYMN 449. L. M.

O THOU, our husband, brother, friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise!
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice!

2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace:
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad:
Thy gifts abundantly increase:
Enlarge, and fill us all with God!

3 Before thy sheep, great shepherd, go
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed!
And pure as thou thyself art pure;
Conform'd in all things to our head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;
  Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
  And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
  That efficacious blood apply;
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
  And change, and throughly sanctify.

*Praise*—p. 194.] HYMN 450. 4th P. M. 4 8s & 2 6s.

COME, wisdom, power, and grace divine!
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
  A happy chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
  In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
  Thy loving self inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
  Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
  To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness;
To share a moment's pain, and seize
  An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare!
Infuse the softest social care,
  The warmest charity;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wond'rous name,
    The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
  Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;

So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

*Willowby*—p. 191.] HYMN 451. 4th P. M. 886, 886

O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile!
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust remove;
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs the work of grace,
For ever drive it hence:
Exert thy all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven;
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above!
In thee, the life, the truth, the way,
To walk, and perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love!

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

*Eastburn*—p. 189.] HYMN 452. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

*Consolation*—p. 234.] HYMN 453. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Govern'd by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple meet,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair;
Join our praying pattern there.
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days,
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good:
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run.
Till we on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

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## PASTORAL.

*Gilford*—p. 86.] HYMN 454. L. M.

JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now and scatter'd wide,
  In pain, and weariness, and want:
With no kind shepherd near, to guide
  The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
  And sheep-redeeming shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
  And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,
  And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers who all the sinful race
  Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utterance give,
  Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
  Through faith in Him who died for all.

6 In every messenger reveal
  The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
  "He died for all, who died for me."

7 A double portion from above,
  Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart;
Shed forth thy universal love
  In every faithful pastor's heart.

8 Thine only glory let them seek,
  O let their hearts with love o'erflow!
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
  And spread thy mercy's praise below.

*Spilsby*—p. 123.] HYMN 455. S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
  Thy needy servant's cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
  And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Then let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

*Ashford*—p. 124.] HYMN 456. S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
"Zion, behold thy Saviour king;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

*Rockingham*—p. 101.] HYMN 457. L. M.

FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above,
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart:
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart.

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind.

5 The Spirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin;
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis nature all,—and all delight.

*Park-street.*—p. 97.] HYMN 458. L. M.

ON all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew:
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'erturn;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire!
To us perform the promise due,
Descend and crown us now with fire!

*Job*—p. 103.] HYMN 459. L. M.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord,
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare;
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts, to make him room:
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord display'd
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

*Uxbridge*—p. 98.] HYMN 460. L. M.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The king of saints his work surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move:
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

6 The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above;
He all his gracious fulness showers,
To perfect their great work of love.

7 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit they every hour shall bear:
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare!

8 We then, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

*Uxbridge*—p. 98.] HYMN 461. L. M

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near!
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

*Arnold*—p. 98.] HYMN 462. L. M.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high!
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread!
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

*Gilford*—p. 86.] HYMN 403. L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail reproach, and welcome pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee.

*Walley*—p. 113.] HYMN 464. L. M.

THE Lord is king, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal;
Jesus, the woman's conquering seed;
(Though now the serpent bruise his HEEL,)
Jesus shall bruise the serpent's HEAD.

5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up;
Shall cast the dire accuser down,
And disappoint his children's hope:

6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise;
Baffle the sons of unbelief;
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn;
Scatter thy foes, victorious king;
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing:

8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
  Of Him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
  Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

*Praise*—p. 194.] HYMN 465. 4th P. M. 886, 886

ARE there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
  His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
  With Jesus in my view.

2 Light of the world, thy beams I bless!
On thee, bright sun of righteousness,
  My faith hath fix'd its eye;
Guided by thee through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
  For thou art always nigh.

3 Ten thousand snares my paths beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
  Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
  I urge my way to heaven.

4 Still will I strive, and labour still
With humble zeal to do thy will,
  And trust in thy defence;
My soul into thy hands I give,
And if he can obtain thy leave,
  Let Satan pluck me thence.

*St. Peter*—p. 75.] HYMN 466. L. M.

GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
  Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
  He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands;
"I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

*Winter*—p. 16.] HYMN 467. C. M.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the Spirit of holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,
Illustrious as the sun;
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

*Hanover*—p. 57.] HYMN 468. C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

*Abridge*—p. 42.] HYMN 469. C. M.

JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my king,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conq'ring name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintain'd thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour:
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown:
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.

5 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace!

6 O never let me blush to own
The glorious gospel word;
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord!

*Ashford*—p. 124.] HYMN 470. S. M.

"I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare!
The victory by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd;
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd."

4 Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

*Arabia*—p. 51.] HYMN 471. C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give,
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego!
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 And to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear!

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

*Luton*—p. 74.] HYMN 472. L. M.

STEEL me to shame, reproach, disgrace,
Arm me with all thine armour now;
Set like a flint my steady face,
Harden to adamant my brow.

2 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
My high commission to perform,
Nor shrink thy harshest truths t' unfold;
But more than meet the gathering storm.

3 Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,
Still may I turn my fearless face:
Stand as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.

4 Give me thy might, thou God of power:
Then let or men or fiends assail,
Strong in thy strength I'll stand, a tower
Impregnable to earth or hell.

*Marion*—p. 162.] HYMN 473. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the childlike praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again:
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pard'ning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their shepherd died.

## ON THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

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*Willowby*—p. 191.] HYMN 474. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
  And all our strength exert;
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose into a thankful frame,
  And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
  Thy glory, not our own:—
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
  To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
  T' offend thy glorious eyes!
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
  And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
  Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
  And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
  With sacred jealousy:
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
  Our heart away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

8 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love!
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

*Axbridge*—p. 17.] HYMN 475. C. M

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessings ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

*Stonefield*—p. 99.] HYMN 476. L. M.

FIRST PART.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
  Call'd forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
  Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
  Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call;
  And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
  Nature's expanse before thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
  And hell's deep gloom, are open laid!
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
  Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
  And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
  That move in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
  Tremble before thy piercing eye;
All ye who owe to him your birth,
  In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns, be glad, O earth;
  And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

*Bishop*—p. 73.] SECOND PART.

SON of thy Sire's eternal love,
  Take to thyself thy mighty power;
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
  Let all thy wond'rous grace adore;
The triumphs of thy love display;
  In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
  And glory end what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power;
  Fountain of light and love below;
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
  O'er all the nations let it flow;
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
  In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
  Than we on earth to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
  Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
  And hearest the young ravens cry;
On thee we cast our care; we live
  Through thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
  Our souls this day the living bread!

THIRD PART.

ETERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
  Before the world's foundation slain!
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood:
  O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!
To every soul, (all praise to thee!)
  Our bowels of compassion move:
And all mankind by this may see,
  God is in us; for God is love.

2 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
  And guardian care for all is free,
To thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
  From sin and Satan let us flee;
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art:
  In us be all thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
  With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
  Co-equal, co-eternal Three,

In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee!
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine:
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

*Talmon*—p. 228.] HYMN 477. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wid'ning way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;

Lo! the promise of a shower
  Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
  All the Spirit of his love!

*Lockport*—p. 126.] HYMN 478. S. M.

FIRST PART.

JESUS, the conqueror, reigns,
  In glorious strength array'd:
His kingdom over all maintains,
  And bids the earth be glad!
Ye sons of men, rejoice
  In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
  To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power,
  Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more
  High on his Father's throne:
Our advocate with God,
  He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
  The victory of his cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
  And in your captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
  My fellow soldiers, fight;
In mighty phalanx join'd,
  To battle all proceed;
Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind
  Which was in Christ your head.

*Charlestown*—p. 138.] SECOND PART.

URGE on your rapid course,
  Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
  'Tis seized by violent hands:

See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
"Courage," your captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew,)
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient conqueror:
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall,
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all!

*Litchfield*—p. 90.] HYMN 479. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

*Kimbolton*—p. 106.] HYMN 480. L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

5 Where pure essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

*Kingswood*—p. 277.] HYMN 481. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

JESUS, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply;
Faith our strong protection be,
And godliness with all its power;
'Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more.

2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
Our er-converted land:
Let the least and greatest know,
And bow to thy command:
Wisdom, pure religious fear,
Our land's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere;
Inspired with humble love.

*Ascription*—p. 229.] HYMN 482. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

HAPPY soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel grace:
Thee, my Lord, (thou then wilt say:)
Thee will I for ever praise;
Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold! thy mercy spares;
Jesus my salvation is;
Hence my doubts; away my fears;
Jesus is become my peace:
JAH, JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his word;
I will on his promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for he is strong;
Just in righteousness divine;
He is my triumphal song;
All he has, and is, is mine:
*Mine;*—and *yours*, whoe'er believe;
On his name whoe'er shall call,
Freely shall his grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from salvation's well;

Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.
Each to each, ye then shall say,
"Sinners, call upon his name;
O rejoice to see his day;
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

5 Glory to his name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high:
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry, to every nation, cry:
Wond'rous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find;
This to all mankind is known;
Be it known to all mankind!

6 Sion, shout thy Lord and king,
Israel's HOLY ONE is HE!
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Great is he, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul!

*Paris*—p. 82.] HYMN 483. L. M.

GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day,
In Jesus' lovely face display'd.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought:
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from naught

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice:—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

6 For this, (no longer sons of night,)
To thee our thankful hearts we give;
To thee, who call'dst us into light:
To thee we die, to thee we live.

*Dorchester*—p. 27.] HYMN 484. C. M.

FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love!

2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
Thy peace our passions bind;
And let us, in thy joy unknown,
The first dominion find.

5 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

6 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
Th' omnipotence of love.

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## CHRISTMAS.

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*Portland*—p. 251.] HYMN 485. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored!
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth;
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway!

4 Come then to thy servants again,
  Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
  In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
  And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
  And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
  Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
  Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
  We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
  And love with a passion like thine.

*Pelham*—p. 128.] HYMN 486. S. M.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
  Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
  Of thine incarnate Son!
The gift unspeakable
  We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
  And to thy glory live.

2 Jesus, the holy child,
  Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconciled,
  And one in him we are.
Salvation through his name
  To all mankind is given,
And loud his infant cries proclaim
  A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
  Which never more shall end;

The Lord of hosts, the king of kings,
  Declares himself our friend;
Assumes our flesh and blood,
  That we his grace may gain:
The everlasting Son of God,
  The mortal son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
  He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
  O'erflow the faithful heart:
Changed in a moment, we
  The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
  Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
  The new-born prince of peace!
And meekly in his Spirit live,
  And in his love increase!
Till he convey us home,
  Cry every soul aloud,
Come, thou desire of nations, come,
  And take us up to God!

*West-st.*—p. 298.] HYMN 487. 15th P. M. 11 9, 11 9

ALL hail! happy day,
  When, enrobed in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth;
  How can we refrain,
  For to join the glad strain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth!

2 How boundless that love,
  First begotten above,
And through Jesus to sinners made known!
  Lift, lift up your voice,
  And exulting rejoice,
For Jehovah to earth is come down!

3 Ye angels of God,
  Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM:
  We also will join
  In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb!

4 To Christ we will sing,
  As our high priest and king,
And our prophet to teach us the road:
  But more than all this,
  For almighty he is:
And we own him our Saviour and God.

5 To Jesus's praise
  Let us spend all our days!
For 'tis he who our surety hath stood;
  He sojourn'd below,
  That his mercy might flow,
And he purchased our pardon with blood.

6 O may the return
  Of this once blessed morn
Be for ever remember'd with joy:
  Sweet accents of praise
  All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujahs shall be our employ!

7 Let echo prolong
  The harmonious song,
Hallelujahs again and again;
  He kindles the fire,
  Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

8 Blest Jesus, while we
  Pay our tribute to thee,
Let us worship, admire, and adore:
  Accept as thy crown,
  What before was thine own,
Hallelujahs and praise evermore.

*Bristol*—p. 44.] HYMN 488. C. M.

"SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your tears away,
News from the regions of the skies—
A Saviour 's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands;
And holds the king of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When we forget to praise!

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there 's a Saviour born.

*Christmas*—p. 39.] HYMN 489. C. M.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, on high,
And thus address'd their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

*Talmon*—p. 228.] HYMN 490. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled;"
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies:

With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heaven-born prince of peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above
Reinstate us in thy love.

*December*—p. 8.] HYMN 491. C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

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## NEW-YEAR.

*Tenham*—p. 301.] HYMN 492. 18th P. M. 10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the master appear!
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

*Zebulon*—p. 187.] HYMN 493. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days!
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground!
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone!"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace;
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year!

5 Then dig about the root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

*Wareham*—p. 37.] HYMN 494. C. M.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care:
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are:
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

### MORNING AND EVENING.

*Albany*—p. 157.] HYMN 495. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

WHERE is my God, my joy, my hope,
The dear desire of nations, where?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,
To thee directs her morning prayer;
And spreads her arms of faith abroad,
T' embrace my hope, my joy, my God!

2 Mine eyes prevent the morning ray,
Looking and longing for thy word:
Come, O my Jesus, come away,
And let my heart receive its Lord;
Which pants and struggles to be free,
And breaks to be detain'd from thee.

3 Appear in me, bright morning star,
And scatter all the shades of night!
I saw thee once, and came from far,
But quickly lost the transient light:
And now again in darkness pine,
Till thou throughout my nature shine.

4 In patient hope I now take heed
To the sure word of promised grace;
Whose rays a feeble lustre shed,
Faint glimm'ring thro' the darksome place,
Till thou thy glorious light impart,
And rise the day-star in my heart.

5 Come, Lord, be manifested here,
And all the devil's works destroy;
Now, without sin, in me appear,
And fill with everlasting joy;

Thy beatific face display;
Thy presence is the perfect day.

*Athol*—p. 132.] HYMN 496. S. M.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away!

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past:
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

*Coronation*—p. 28.] HYMN 497. C. M.

All praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night:
Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss
Of uncreated light.

Each thought and deed, his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;

The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou dost guard, O king of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of thy wings,
Shall they securely rest.

4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep:
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.

5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless thee, ever bless'd.

*Barby*—p. 33.] HYMN 498. C. M.

GIVER and guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive:
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live!

3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,
Its cruel power suspend,
Till all this strife and war within
In perfect peace shall end.

4 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain:
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

5 Prisoner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;

When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus king.

*Framingham*—p. 166.] HYMN 499. 1st. P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will:
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be!
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

*Howard*—p. 1.] HYMN 500. C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound:

Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
  To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
  My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
  But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
  Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
  And bring a pleasing night.

*Westford*—p. 47.] HYMN 501. C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
  I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
  Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
  From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
  With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
  And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
  Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
  I 'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
  And will my slumbers keep.

*Colchester*—p. 55.] HYMN 502. C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
  My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
  To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at the Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand,
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

5 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

*Margate*—p. 132.] HYMN 503. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing;
And to its great original,
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near!

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

*Wayland*—p. 82.] HYMN 504. L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light;
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

*Benevento*—p. 222.] HYMN 505. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim and seize me for thine own,
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Let me of thy life partake,
Thy own holiness impart;
O that I may sweetly wake,
With my Saviour in my heart!

O that I may know thee mine!
O that I may thee receive!
Only live the life divine!
Only to thy glory live.

*Carper*—p. 32.] HYMN 506. C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day,
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul,
To everlasting day.

*Clarence*—p. 32.] HYMN 507. C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;

Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

*Morning Hymn*—p. 159.] HYMN 508. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart;
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art;
T' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesus' name.

2 This slumber from my soul, O shake!
Warn'd by thy Spirit's inward call,
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall;
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly:

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell,
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here!

5 Attended by that sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,

Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart:
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

*Derby New*—p. 93.] HYMN 509. L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

*Petersburgh*—p. 83.] HYMN 510. L. M.

O GOD, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord,

And more I joy to gain thy grace,
  Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
  My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
  My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
  My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs,
  Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetness while I sing
  Thy love, my ravish'd heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and king,
  Of glory that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed,
  Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought:
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
  I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

8 In all I do I feel thine aid;
  Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad,
  Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
  Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
  For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

### PARENTS AND MASTERS.

*Craven*—p. 36.] HYMN 511. C. M.

GOD, only wise, almighty, good,
  Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
  And guide our steps aright.

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny.

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts t' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed:
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above;
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love!

To watch their will, to sense inclined,
Withhold the hurtful food:
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

*Kingston*—p. 43.] HYMN 512. C. M.

FATHER of lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treach'rous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see:
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.

4 We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our helpless infants sell:
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.

5 Ah! what avails superior light,
Without superior love!
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve.

6 We mark the idolizing throng;
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong,
And we shall do the same.

7 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

8 We soon shall do what we condemn,
And down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.

9 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art;
Above the world and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart.

10 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways;

And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By thy sufficient grace.

11 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end.

12 Wilt keep us tenderly discreet,
To guard what thou hast given:
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

*Peru*—p. 199.] HYMN 513. 4th P. M. 886, 886

HOW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my household give.
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesus' messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,
Remissness and severity,
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray my charge divine,—
My delegated power?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of whom I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour?

4 Lord over all, and God most high!
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace!
That by thy Spirit taught and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace

5 O teach me thy first lesson now!
That I to thy sweet yoke may bow,
Thine easy service prove:
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee,
Is governing by love.

*Elliot*—p. 152.] HYMN 514. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry:
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply!
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
On them recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character!
Raised by the nature of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew;
And store with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside:
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love let all men see,

In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confest and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

*Magdalen*—p. 84.] HYMN 515. L. M.

MASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love:

2 That taught according to thy will,
To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might.

3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedness restrain;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
Th' occasion of his stumbling prove,
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order; if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel sound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity:
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burden feel,
Of souls entrusted to my care!

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom Christ expired to save;
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

*Zemira*—p. 201.] HYMN 516. 4th P. M. 886, 886

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God:
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do:
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And, lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name!
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness,
Conduct them all to heaven.

*Canada*—p. 89.] HYMN 517. L. M.

FIRST PART.

FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who hast entrusted to our care,
A candidate for glorious bliss:

2 Poor worms of earth, to thee we cry,
For grace to guide what grace has given;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear
In tempers far as hell from thee.

4 Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
Their babes they pamper and admire;

And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer Moloch, through the fire.

*Uxbridge*—p. 98.] SECOND PART.

OR, if thou grant a longer date,
With resolute wisdom us endue,
To point him out his lost estate,
His dire apostacy to show:

2 To time our every smile or frown;
To mark the bounds of good and ill;
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his rising will.

3 Him let us tend severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth:
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth.

4 To fit his soul for heavenly grace;
Discharge the Christian parent's part;
And keep him till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

*Broadmead*—p. 150.] HYMN 518. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality:
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross,
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;

Infuse the principle divine
  In all who here expect thy grace,
Let each improve the grace bestow'd;
Rise every child a man of God.

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
  In all their captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
  Thy gospel through the world to spread;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live.

*Margate*—p. 132.] HYMN 519. S. M.

THE power to bless my house
  Belongs to God alone;
Yet rendering him my constant vows,
  He sends his blessings down.

2 Shall I not then engage
  My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
  And feed upon his word:

3 To ask with faith and hope
  The grace his Spirit supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
  Their daily sacrifice?

4 Let each his sin eschew,
  Through thy restraining grace,
Our father Abr'am's steps pursue,
  And walk in all thy ways.

5 Saviour of men, incline
  The hearts which thou hast made,
Which thou hast bought with blood divine,
  To ask thy promised aid.

6 Me and my house receive,
  Thy family t' increase,
And let us in thy favour live,
  And let us die in peace.

## BIRTHDAY.

*Harwich*—p. 189.] HYMN 520. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live,
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven:
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven:
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour,
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

*Oakham*—p. 297.] HYMN 521. 15th P. M 11 9, 11 9.

AWAY with our fears! the glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came, for his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone, the fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing my Redeemer and king,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice in thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below:
If of parents I came who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace, from my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto hast thou been my preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares, and temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd by a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this; what a heaven of bliss;
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into thy fold, with thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God, in employing a clod,
His tribute of glory to raise;
His standard to bear, and with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love that has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook, I went over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came;
My full heart it replies, They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return!
The business pursue he hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few, my days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

## RESURRECTION.

### EASTER.

*Braintree*—p. 29.] HYMN 522. C. M.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

5 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

6 The sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising sun adore.

*Arnold*—p. 98.] HYMN 523. L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
  And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
  Ye everlasting doors, give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
  And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
  Receive the king of glory in.
Who is the king of glory? Who?
  The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;—
  And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
  And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
  Ye everlasting doors give way.
Who is the king of glory? Who?
  The Lord, of glorious power possest;
The king of saints and angels too,
  God over all, for ever blest.

*Nahant*—p. 110.] HYMN 524. L. M.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
  Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
  A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
  For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
  A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
  The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
  Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
  (In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)

Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him "Welcome to the skies!"

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great deliv'rer reigns:
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous king!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

*Rothwell*—p. 76.] HYMN 525. L. M

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
By actions show your sins forgiven!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place:
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature love is crucified.

6 Your real life with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

## FOR THE SABBATH.

*Devotion*—p. 112.] HYMN 526. L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing!
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every hour find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

*Warwick*—p. 47.] HYMN 527. C. M.

MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

*Athol*—p. 132.] HYMN 528. S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

*Effingham*—p. 103.] HYMN 529. L. M.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest,
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the blest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan,
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

*Milton*—p. 145.] HYMN 530. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

THE Saviour meets his flock to-day,
Shall I in sloth abide at home?
Shall I behind the people stay,
When Jesus kindly bids me come?
I'll go; it is a place of prayer,
In hope that God may meet me there.

2 How long did faithful Hannah wait,
And served the Lord for many years,
Attending at the temple gate,
With fasting, and with many tears!
She seldom left the house of prayer,
Till God was pleased to meet her there.

3 Then, O my Lord! give me the power;
And like the saints, I'll watch for thee;
In earnest wait the joyful hour,
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me:
Now give the justifying grace,
And saved from sin, show me thy face.

4 Remove temptation, O my Lord,
And let mine enemies be slain,
Which would withdraw me from thy word,
And plunge me in the world again:
And always ready may I stand
To take my seat at thy right hand.

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*Westford*—p. 47.] HYMN 531. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

*Clarence*—p. 32.] HYMN 532. C M.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
  Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
  And die to all below.

*Brighton*—p. 143.] HYMN 533. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
  Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years;
  To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
  With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
  Our souls t' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
  The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
  Convince, and bring the wand'rers back;
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
  Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
  To make us in thy will complete:
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
  O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
  In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, rerpove;
And build them up in holiest love.

*Stow*—p. 26.] HYMN 534. C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold:
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

*Ascension*—p. 38.] HYMN 535. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;

And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

*Milton*—p. 145.] HYMN 536. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire:
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given;
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, divine interpreter,
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in three persons magnify:
And still the triune God adore,
Who was, and is, for evermore.

## PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

*Clarke*—p. 149.] HYMN 537. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
  Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us abide,
  Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
  This earth we know is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of wo,
  And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
  But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
  Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
  This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
  The New Jerusalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
  Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
  Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious king;
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
  We urge our way with strength renew'd,
The church of the first-born to join,
  We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

*Richmond*—p. 259.] HYMN 538. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

I LONG to behold him array'd
  With glory and light from above;
The king in his beauty display'd,
  His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
  Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
  And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
  For Jesus hath spoken the word,
The breadth of Immanuel's land
  Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when on thy bosom reclined,
  Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
  My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
  Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
  No sickness or sorrow shall prove;
Physician of souls, unto me
  Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
  And then to the city receive.

*Paradise*—p. 40.] HYMN 539. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign;

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

*Neginoth*—p. 171.] HYMN 540. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end;
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go,
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumb'rous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared;
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know or see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

*Portland*—p. 250.] HYMN 541. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
  We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear;
  The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
  And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
  The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
  When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
  Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
  No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
  No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
  That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
  As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immoveably founded in grace,
  She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
  And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day
  Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
  A pure and a permanent light:

The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze!

*Hope*—p. 139.] HYMN 542. S. M.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle sink below,
In ruinous decay;
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure:
O were we enter'd there!
To perfect heaven restored!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call;
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall:
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,

And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of everlasting light!

5 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness!
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face:
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven!

*Sardinia*—p. 258.] HYMN 543. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

THE church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear!
The saints in an agony wait,
To see Him again in the air!
The Spirit invites in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend;
And place her enthroned at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry:
O Jesus, in triumph appear;
Appear in the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
In fulness of majesty come;
And give me a mansion above;
And take to my heavenly home!

*Carey*—p. 235.] HYMN 544. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
  Saints and angels join'd in one;
What a countless company
  Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
  All in whitest robes array'd;
Palms they carry in their hands,
  Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints, begin the endless song,
  Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
  God the glorious Saviour praise:
All salvation from him came;
  Him who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
  Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
  Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
  They their silent homage pay:
Prostrate on their face, before
  God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
  Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply:
  Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
  Saviour of the favour'd race!
Render we our God his right,
  Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power;
Honour, majesty, and might;
  Praise him, praise him evermore!

*Edgefield*—p. 233.] HYMN 545. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

WHO are these array'd in white,
  Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Foremost of the sons of light;
  Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
  Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause:
  Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
  Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
  Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
  Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
  God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
  Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
  Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
  From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
  Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
  Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain;
  To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
  All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
  Fill up every soul with love.

*Arlington*—p. 3.] HYMN 546. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
  And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
  Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flowery plains
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual joyful strains
Redeeming love admire.

*Devotion*—p. 46.] HYMN 547. C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

O that my heart might dwell aloof
  From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
  Whence true contentment springs!

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
  In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
  But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek
  In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
  Where endless comforts flow

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
  Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
  This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
  Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
  To bring believers home.

4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
  From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
  Were written, Lord, for me:
But thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,
  Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
  On Christ, the corner stone.

5 So comforted, and so sustain'd,
  With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
  All messengers of love;
With silence and submissive awe,
  Adored a chast'ning God,
Revered the terrors of his law,
  And humbly kiss'd the rod.

*Alderton*—p. 190.] HYMN 548. 4th P. M. 886, 886

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here:
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

5 No foot of land do I possess;
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise;

I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

*Atwood*—p. 262.] HYMN 549. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble, I mournfully cry:
And pine to recover my peace,
And see my Redeemer, and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear,
These passionate longings for home:
O! when shall my spirit be there;
O! when will the messenger come.

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain,
And then in the grave to lay down
This burden of body and pain.
O Jesus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me into thy rest!

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;

Away from a world of distress,
  Away to the mansions above;
The heaven of seeing thy face,
  The heaven of feeling thy love.

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## FUNERAL HYMNS.

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*China*—p. 7.] HYMN 550. C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
  And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
  What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
  As days and months increase:
And every beating pulse we tell
  Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
  The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
  We 're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
  To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
  To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
  Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
  Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless wo
  Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
  Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

*Aylesbury*—p. 140.] HYMN 551. S. M.

FIRST PART.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise!
And see the judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse, or blessing meet?
Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

I must from God be driven,
  Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven
  Or else—depart to hell.

*Little Marlborough*–p. 141.] SECOND PART.

O THOU that wouldst not have
  One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
  From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
  Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
  I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art thyself the way,
  Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
  Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
  Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
  To all eternity.

*Hedding*—p. 203.] HYMN 552. 4th P. M. 886, 886

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
  With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
  To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
  And props the house of clay:
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
  Against that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days,
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

*Gainsborough*—p. 7.] HYMN 553. C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,

From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last
And our perpetual home!

*Egypt*—p. 136.] HYMN 554. S. M

AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,

And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

*Shields*—p. 68.] HYMN 555. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest:
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliverer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home

4 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
  If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
  And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
  Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again
  In that eternal day.

*Welch*—p. 242.] HYMN 556. 9th P. M. 8s & 7s.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
  All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
  To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
  Lo! the Saviour stands above!
Shows the purchase of his merit,
  Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
  To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
  To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee
  Bear a momentary pain:
Die to live a life of glory!
  Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

*Carmel*—p. 253.] HYMN 557. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s

AH, lovely appearance of death!
  What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
  Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
  The corpse, when the spirit is fled;
In love with the beautiful clay,
  And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
  Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
  This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
  Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
  No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
  With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
  And never shall vex him again:
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
  Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
  And passion is vanished away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
  Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breast,
  Is heaved by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
  Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
  It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
  By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now seal'd in their mortal repose,
  Have strangely forgotten to weep!
The fountains can yield no supplies,
  These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
  And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
  While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
  And press to the issues of death:

What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

*Northampton*—p. 187.] HYMN 558. 10th. P.M. 8 *lines* 8s.

REJOICE for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind;
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

*Amana*—p. 291.] HYMN 559. 13th. P.M. 10.10.11.11.

'TIS finish'd, 'tis done, the spirit is fled:
The prisoner is gone, the Christian is dead;
The Christian is living, through Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due:
Supported by grace he fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious through Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and
hell.

3 Then let us record the conquering name;
Our captain and Lord with shoutings proclaim;
Who trust in his passion and follow our head,
To certain salvation we all shall be led.

4 O Jesus! lead on thy militant care;
And give us the crown of righteousness there,
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze;
Or prostrate adore thee, in silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away to mansions on high:
The kingdom be given, the purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

*Northampton*—p. 257.] HYMN 560. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

HOSANNAH to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest;
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of our sister is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 What fulness of rapture is there,
While Jesus his glory displays;
And purples the heavenly air,
And scatters the odours of grace:
He looks—and his servants in light
The blessings ineffable meet:
He smiles—and they faint at his sight,
And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

3 How happy the angels that fall
  Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
  To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
  Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away,
  My merciful Lord—is it I?

4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
  That suddenly I should depart;
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
  And whisper the call in my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
  If soon thou wouldst have me remove;
And leave the dull body below,
  And fly to the regions above.

*Nassau*—p. 230.] HYMN 561. 7th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
  Pay we, gracious God, to thee;
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
  Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
  Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
  He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
  Lighten'd of his fleshly load:
Where the weary are at rest,
  He is gather'd into God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
  All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
  Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
  Ended is the glorious strife;

Fought the fight, the work is done,
  Death is swallow'd up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
  Far from earth the spirit flies:
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
  Triumphing in paradise.

4 Join we then with one accord
  In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
  We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
  We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
  Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
  Fondly of their loss complain:
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
  Death, to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy:
  Let the unbelievers mourn:
We in songs our lives employ
  Till we all to God return.

*Morrison*—p. 487.] HYMN 562. L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
  What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
  And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
  Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
  Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
  My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
  Nor feel the terrors as she past!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

*Windsor*—p. 67.] HYMN 563. C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

*Condolence*—p. 209.] HYMN 564. 5th P. M. 8 *lines* 7s.

HARK! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed!
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Follow'd by their works, they go
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath open'd mercy's door;

Justified through faith alone,
  Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
  Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
  Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
  Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
  Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
  Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
  They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
  Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
  Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter, and receive thy crown,
  Reign with me triumphant now."

5 Angels catch th' approving sound,
  Bow, and bless the just award;
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,
  Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
  Waiting for the general doom,
When th' archangel's trump shall blow,
  "Rise, ye dead, to judgment come."

*Canton*—p. 71.] HYMN 565. C. M.

WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
  Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
  To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
  As fast as time can move?

Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

*Quito*—p. 94.] HYMN 566. L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die,—my father's God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:—
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a ling'ring groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

*Kingsbridge*—p. 117.] HYMN 567. L. M.

PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare,
In that eternal house above:
And, O my God, shall I be there?

*Limehouse*—p. 116.] HYMN 568. L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

*Slateford*—p. 306.] HYMN 569. 20th P. M. 66, 77, 77

AGAIN we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joy!
Cause of highest raptures this,
Raptures that shall never fail!
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian festival!

2 Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode;
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies:
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquer'd death,
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

5 Thou in thy youthful prime
Hast leap'd the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee;
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share!
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away:
Now prepare, and take us now!

*Poland*—p. 65.] HYMN 570. C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh:
Death at the farthest can't be far:
O! think before thou die.

2 Reflect; thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

*Brainerd*—p. 61.] HYMN 571. C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine;
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

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## DESCRIBING JUDGMENT.

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*Sutton*—p. 119.] HYMN 572. S. M.

THOU judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

Th' immortal Son of man,
  To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
  With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
  T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
  Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
  "Ye dead, the judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
  And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
  Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
  And looking for our Lord!
O may we all insure
  A lot among the blest:
And watch a moment to secure
  An everlasting rest.

*Zion*—p. 241.] HYMN 573. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
  Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
  Swell the triumph of his train!
    Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
  Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
  Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
    Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
  Still his dazzling body bears;

Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on these glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

*Stonefield*—p. 99.] HYMN 574. L. M.

HE comes! He comes! the judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

*Emma*—p. 202.] HYMN 575. 4th P. M. 886, 886.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry!
A half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

*St. Asaphs*—p.282.] HYMN 576. 12th P.M. 76,76,78,76.

STAND th' omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan;

Let this earth dissolve, and blend
  In death the wicked and the just;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
  And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man;
  At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure t' emerge and rise again,
  And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
  Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
  And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
  By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views
  With smiles, the flaming void;
See this universe renew'd,
  The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
  Around th' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
  To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
  To earthquake, plague, or sword:
List'ning for the call divine,
  The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
  And both fly up to heaven.

*Malden*—p. 66.] HYMN 577. C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
  And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
  And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secrét of my heart
  Shall shortly be made known,

And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!

4 Thou awful judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

*Old Hundred*—p. 87.] HYMN 578. L. M.

THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;
Stand, as the rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;

While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

*Bangor*—p. 70.] HYMN 579. C. M

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice,
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

*Siberia*—p. 240.] HYMN 580. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift-approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of these last tremendous days;
See the flaming revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the judge's face!

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for *me!*
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, "Tis he!

7 "Lo! 'tis he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall soon be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be:
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

*Coleshill*—p. 66.] HYMN 581. C. M.

WO to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down.

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God prepare!
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.

4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
And face the judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting rock
Is cleft to take us in!

*Zealand*—p. 268.] HYMN 582. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76.

JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend:

All heaven's host their glorious Lord
  Shall joyfully attend.
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
  Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
  And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
  Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
  And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
  All wrapt up to heaven shall be,
Find, and love, and praise him there,
  To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
  This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
  In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe,
  Mightier bliss ordain'd to know:
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
  To the third heaven we go.

*Geneva*—p. 65.] HYMN 583. C. M.

BY faith we find the place above,
  The rock that rent in twain:
Beneath the shade of dying love,
  And in the cleft remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee;
  We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
  Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
  The latest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
  Dissolve as liquid air;

4 The huge celestial bodies roll
Amidst the general fire;
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd:
And no created thing remains,
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks th' almighty word:
His *fiat* is obey'd! 'tis done;
And paradise restored.

7 So be it! let this system end!
This ruinous earth and skies!
The New Jerusalem descend!
The new creation rise!

8 Thy power omnipotent assume!
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

*Witham*—p. 192.] HYMN 584. 4th P. M. 886, 886

HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope:
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims the prince of peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power:
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call;
A sign of Jesus near;
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear!"

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
The word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors t' approve:
Thy members on thy throne, to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious heavenly love!

*Oldford*—p. 125.] HYMN 585. S. M.

BEHOLD! with awful pomp
The judge prepares to come;
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface,
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;
The frighted dead arise:

Start from the monumental bed,
  And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Horrors all hearts appal,
  They quake, they shriek, they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
  But rocks and mountains fly.

5 Ye wilful, wanton fools,
  Let dangers make you wise:
Carnal professors, careless souls,
  Unclose your sleeping eyes.

6 'Tis time we all awake;
  The dreadful day draws near:
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
  And stop your wild career.

7 Now is th' accepted time,
  To Christ for mercy fly:
O turn, repent, and trust in him,
  And you shall never die.

8 Great God, in whom we live,
  Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jesus to believe,
  To watch, and wait, and pray.

*Drummond*—p. 250.] HYMN 586. 9th P. M. 87,87,87,87.

RIGHTEOUS God! whose vengeful phials
  All our fears and thoughts exceed;
Big with woes and fiery trials,
  Hanging, bursting o'er our head:
While thou visitest the nations,
  Thy selected people spare;
Arm our caution'd souls with patience,
  Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
  With all flesh is now begun;

In thy wrath remember mercy;
  Mercy first and last be shown;
Plead thy cause with sword and fire:
  Shake us till the curse remove;
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
  Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
  More confirms the faithful word;
Nature, (for its Lord hath spoken,)
  Must be suddenly restored:
From this national confusion;
  From this ruin'd earth and skies;
See the times of restitution;
  See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows;
  Pass the former things away:
Lord! appear! appear to glad us
  With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story!
  Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal king of glory,
  Now descend, and take thy bride!

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## DISMISSION.

*Blessing*—p. 374.] HYMN 587. 8 th P. M. 87,87,87,87

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
  Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
  Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
  Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
  Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
    Hallelujah!

*Kingswood*—p.277.] HYMN 588. 12th P.M. 76,76,78,76

LO! I come with joy to do
  The master's blessed will—
Him in outward works pursue,
  And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
  I still would choose the better part:
Serve with careful Martha's hands
  And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
  Nor feel my happy toil:
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
  Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
  I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
  I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love
  Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
  And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
  'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
  Till all thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
  Before I hence remove!
Now, my treasure and my heart
  Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
  While yet my hands are here employ'd,
Sees my soul the king of kings,
  And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace;
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

*Pensford*—p.265.] HYMN 589. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76

THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power:
Thee let all in earth or skies
Continually adore!
Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove;
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere:
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given:
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart!
Then shall I in thee believe
With all my loving heart:
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
And every grace bestow;

That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign'd,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame,
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name;
Thee let every creature bless,
Praise alone to God be given;
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

*Omnipotence*—p. 168.] HYMN 590. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis *certain* though *impossible;*
The thing impossible shall be:
All things are possible to me.

4 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,

Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
  Let men exclaim and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree;
All things are possible to me.

5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
  That I shall serve thee without fear;
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
  Holy, and pure, and perfect here;
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

6 All things are possible to God,
  To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
  When I in Christ am form'd again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

*Spring Grove*—p. 165.] HYMN 591. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
  And make thy faithful mercies known;
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
  Thy suffering, well-beloved Son;
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
  And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
  That precious bleeding sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
  Forgiveness in his blood we have;
But more abundant life we claim,
  Through him who died our souls to save;
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above!
On us let all thy grace be shown:
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love!
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

*Dawson*—p. 84.] HYMN 592. L. M

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offer'd up,
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue!
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
Our willing soul thy call obeys;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame, we give
Freedom, and life,—to win thy grace.

5 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss:
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

7 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

*Dedication*—p. 309.] HYMN 593. 20th P. M. 66, 77, 77.

HOW weak the thoughts and vain
  Of self-deluded men!
Men who, fix'd to earth alone,
  Think their houses shall endure;
Fondly call their lands their own,
  To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,
  Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock?
  Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
  On the rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own,
  Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the general ruin sure,
  Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immoveably secure;
  Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
  We see the fabric stand;
From a tottering world remove,
  To our steadfast mansion there:
Our inheritance above
  Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers
  (Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward;
  Rise, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepared;
  Purchased by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
  The place for us design'd!
See the long-expected day
  Of our full redemption here!
Let the shadows flee away;
  Let the new-made world appear!

7 High on thy great white throne,
O king of saints, come down!
In the New Jerusalem,
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

*Pisgah*—p. 321.] HYMN 594. 25th P. M. 77,87,77,87

WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength, ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to that God is true,
And reigns a king for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee;
Our Saviour thou, we find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation.
With heart and voice in thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep pass'd through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rereward,
Thy hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we, have pass'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.

4 Thy works we now acknowledge,
Thy wond'rous loving kindness,
Which help'd thine own, by means unknown,
And smote our foes with blindness:

By Satan's host surrounded,
  Thou didst with patience arm us,
But wouldst not give the Syrians leave,
  Or Sodom's sons, to harm us.

5 The world's and Satan's malice
  Thou, Jesus, hath confounded,
And by thy grace, with songs of praise
  Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
  We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love which now we prove,
  Shall praise thy name for ever.

*Josiah*—p. 263.] HYMN 595. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76

WHO is this gigantic foe
  That proudly stalks along:
Overlooks the crowd below,
  In brazen armour strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts:
  On his sword and spear relies:
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
  And all their force defies.

2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
  They tremble at his power;
Flee before the monster's face,
  And own him conqueror.
Who this mighty champion is,
  Nature answers from within;
He is my own wickedness,
  My own besetting sin.

3 In the strength of Jesus' name
  I with the monster fight,
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
  But Jesus is my might:

Mindful of his mercies past,
  Still I trust the same to prove.
Still my helpless soul I cast
  On his redeeming love.

4 With my sling and stone I go
  To fight the Philistine;
God hath said it shall be so,
  And I shall conquer sin;
On his promise I rely,
  Trust in an almighty Lord;
Sure to win the victory,
  For he hath spoke the word.

5 In the strength of God I rise,
  I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
  And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jesus' conq'ring name
  Slings the sin-destroying stone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
  And brings the monster down.

6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,
  Your routed foe pursue;
Shout his praises to the skies,
  Who conquers sin for you:
Jesus doth for you appear,
  He his conquering grace affords;
Saves you, not with sword and spear,
  The battle is the Lord's.

7 Every day the Lord of hosts
  His mighty power displays;
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
  The threat'ning Gittite slays:
Israel's God let all below
  Conq'ror over sin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
  The power of Jesus' name!

*Spring*—p. 206.] HYMN 596. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wavering is my mind!
Toss'd about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh,
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
*Jesus'* is a *quiet* mind.

6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined;
*Jesus'* is a *gentle* mind.

7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
*Jesus'* is a *patient* mind.

8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
*Jesus'* is a *noble* mind.

9 When I feel it fix'd within,
I shall have no power to sin;

How shall sin an entrance find?
*Jesus'* is a *spotless* mind.

10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
Perfectly to him be join'd:
*Jesus'* is a *loving* mind.

11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind;
*Jesus'* is a *thankful* mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined:
*Jesus'* is a *constant* mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind
*Jesus'* is a *perfect* mind.

*Broadmead*—p. 150.] HYMN 597. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee:
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself on me:
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,
Now let me find thee in my heart!

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness:
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure, perennial peace;
In joy that none can take away,
In life, which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblameable before thy sight,

Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
  Mercy thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesus' sake impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
  While list'ning to the wretches' cry,
The widows' and the orphans' groan,
  On mercy's wings I swiftly fly
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
  Which purges me from every stain,
Unspotted from the world and sin,
  My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love.

*Euphrates*—p. 274.] HYMN 598. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

FATHER, see this living clod,
  This spark of heavenly fire!
See my soul, the breath of God,
  Doth after God aspire;
Let it still to heaven ascend,
  Till I my principle rejoin;
Blended with my glorious end,
  And lost in love divine!

2 Lord, if thou from me hast broke
  The power of outward sin;
Burst this Babylonish yoke,
  And make me free within;
Bid my inbred sin depart,
  And I thy utmost word shall prove,
Upright both in life and heart,
  And perfected in love.

3 God of all-sufficient grace,
  My God in Christ thou art:

Bid me walk before thy face,
  Till I am pure in heart:
Till transform'd by faith divine,
  I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thine image shine,
  By putting on thy Son.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  In council join again,
To restore thine image, lost
  By frail, apostate man;
O might I thy form express,
  Through faith begotten from above,
Stampt with real holiness,
  And fill'd with perfect love!

*Wayland*—p. 82.] HYMN 599. L. M.

THE voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still, small voice I long to hear,
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Ashamed the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze!

*Ledbury*—p. 151.] HYMN 600. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

LAY to thy hand, O God of grace!
  O God, the work is worthy thee;
See at thy feet, of all the race
  The chief, the vilest sinner see;
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.

2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
  Shall strangely be brought out of me;
My Ethiop soul shall change her skin,
  Redeem'd from all iniquity;

I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesus' name.

3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore:
While all I am declares thy grace,
And born of God, I sin no more:
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

ON THE DEATH OF A WIDOW.

*Auburn*—p. 260.] HYMN 601. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

GIVE glory to Jesus our head,
With all that encompass his throne;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone!
The winter of trouble is past;
The storms of affliction are o'er;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul has o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky:
Advanced to her holy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die:
Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their happy abode;
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 Behold! what a triumph is there,
Where all in his praises agree;
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see!
The glory of God and the Lamb,
(While all in the ecstacy join,)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

4 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise:
When lo! the celestial king
Pours out the full light of his face;
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great;
But lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

FOR THE MOHAMMEDANS.

*Clarke*—p. 149.] HYMN 602. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

SUN of unclouded righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise,
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies,
Wrapp'd in Egyptian night profound,
With chains of hellish darkness bound.

2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
Disperse, thou heavenly light, and save
The souls by that impostor led,
The Arab thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroy'd thy Asian fold.

3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood;
Assert thy glorious deity!
Stretch out thy arm, thou triune God;
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou three in one, and one in three,
Resume thy own, for ages lost,
Finish the dire apostacy;
Thy universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign!

FOR THE HEATHEN.

*Plymouth Dock*—p. 148.] HYMN 603. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd every soul of man,
Why is the grace so long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The bliss for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known,
Thy judgments to the nations show;
Awake them by the gospel call;
Light of the world, illumine all!

3 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the heathen know thy name:
From idols to the living God
The dark Americans convert,
And shine in every pagan heart!

4 As lightning launch'd from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel hosts confest,
Bow every soul and every knee:
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

*Roberts*—p. 158.] HYMN 604. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O COME, thou radiant morning star,
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar!
Assert thy royalty divine!
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign

2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see:
  Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake;
T' erect that final monarchy,
  Edom for thy possession take:
Take (for thou didst their ransom find)
The purchased souls of all mankind.

3 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
  And valiantly the truth maintain!
Dispread thy gracious kingdom here;
  Fly on the rebel sons of men:
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold!

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## DOXOLOGIES.

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*Luton*—p. 74.] HYMN 605. L. M.

O LORD, our God, we bless thee now,
To thee our souls and bodies bow:
With humblest awe fall down before
Thy throne, and joyfully adore.
God of our ancestors, we praise
The Father, Son, and Spirit of grace!
One glorious God, in persons three!
Our God to all eternity.

*Old Hundred*—p. 87.] HYMN 606. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*China*—p. 7.] HYMN 607. C. M.

*The Christian Soldier.*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

A

# SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

# COLLECTION OF HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE last General Conference recommended to the Editors and Agents of the Book Concern the publication of some additional Hymns in the form of a Supplement to our Hymn Book. For various reasons, not now necessary to mention, this has been delayed until the present time, though a considerable number had been prepared for that purpose, some selected from Charles Wesley and others, and some being original. These, however, were all consumed by the late fire which destroyed our Bookroom.

As the plates for the Hymn Book were destroyed by that disastrous event, by which it has become necessary to prepare a new set, we have availed ourselves of this opportunity to add the following Supplement, con-

sisting chiefly of hymns adapted to special occasions, such as dedications, anniversaries, &c. Some of these are original, having been prepared expressly for this purpose, but the most of them are selected from the festival and other Hymns of the late Rev. Charles Wesley, than whom no man ever united the spirit of poetry, fervent piety, and evangelical sentiment more firmly and delightfully together. But though his poetical genius led him to write on almost all subjects within the range of Christian doctrine and duty, yet there were some usages not so familiar in his day, such as Sunday School and Missionary anniversaries, to which but few of his Hymns, however excellent in other respects, seem to be adapted. This led the editor to seek to other sources for supplying this deficiency.

N. Bangs.

New-York, *March* 18, 1836.

# SUPPLEMENT.

## ON LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR A NEW CHURCH.

*Mear*—p. 3.] HYMN 608. C. M.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain:
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

*Bethany*—p. 217.] HYMN 609. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,

These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

*Sharon*—p. 266.] HYMN 610. 11th P. M. 76,76,77,76.

THOU, who hast in Sion laid
The true foundation-stone,
And with those a covenant made,
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, architect divine!
Great builder of thy church below;
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.

2 Earth is thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven thy awful presence fills;
O'er all thy glory reigns:
Yet the place of old prepared,
By regal David's favour'd son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord,
Sound throughout its courts his praise,
His saving name record;
Dedicate a house to him,
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrow'd, suffer'd to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name:
That great name by which we live
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

*Arundel*—p. 10.] HYMN 611. C. M.

GREAT God! who laid on Sion's mount
A precious corner-stone;
More powerful than the gates of hell,
And sacred as thy throne:

2 Regard us who before thee spread
Our hands in solemn prayer;
For by thy cloud and pillar led,
The ark hath rested here.

3 The patriarchs and prophets proved,
A sure foundation given;
The martyrs rested there unmoved
In holiest hope of heaven.

4 That rock was Christ—fore'er the same,
The Lord our righteousness:
O may this altar bear thy name,
And thou our labour bless!

5 And though in glorious temple high,
Eternal is thy throne;
O let us find thy footstool nigh,
And prove this place thine own.

*Leyden*—p. 107.] HYMN 612. L. M.

O THOU before whose lofty throne
The holy ones of heaven bow;
With them we would thy glory own,
And grateful sing thy mercy now.

2 When first thy light the east array'd,
And morning stars shone on the sky,
Earth's corner-stone with joy was laid,
The sons of glory sung on high.

3 Then Eden rose in heaven's light;
Beneath thy hand creation stood;
Thy word dispell'd chaotic night—
Thy smile approved—the work was good.

4 To us O may thy smile be given,
This corner-stone approved by thee;
Our work complete, O Lord of heaven;
Thy glory here let thousands see.

*Dover*—p. 120.] HYMN 613. S. M.

SURELY the Lord is here,
And loves this holy place;
He hears the voice of fervent prayer,
And gives the promised grace.

2 How blest is this abode
Where angels' food is given,
'Tis no less than the house of God,
O 'tis the gate of heaven.

3 Our corner-stone shall tell
The place where we have found
The Lord, who deigns with man to dwell,
And seals this holy ground.

4 Our altar here we raise,
For he our help hath been,
With angel hosts his name we 'll praise,
Who have his wonders seen.

5 Our rock the Son of God,
The Lord's anointed one;
Eternal life is in his word,
Salvation his alone.

6 When in his house above
His gather'd tribes appear;

May we partake his endless love,
Who worship Jesus here.

*Slateford*—p. 306.] HYMN 614. 20th P. M. 66, 77, 77

*The Lord's Prayer.*

FATHER of earth and sky,
Thy name we magnify:
O that earth and heaven might join,
Thy perfections to proclaim;
Praise the attributes divine,
Fear and love thy awful name!
2 When shall thy Spirit reign
In every heart of man?
Father, bring the kingdom near,
Honour thy triumphant Son;
God of heaven, on earth appear,
Fix with us thy glorious throne
3 Thy good and holy will
Let all on earth fulfil;
Men with minds angelic vie,
Saints below with saints above.
Thee to praise and glorify,
Thee to serve with perfect love.
4 This day with this day's bread,
Thy hungry children feed;
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above;
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.
5 Our trespasses forgive:
And when absolved we live,
Thou our life of grace maintain;
Lest we from our God depart,
Lose thy pardoning grace again,
Grant us a forgiving heart.
6 In every fiery hour
Display thy guardian power;

Near in our temptation stay,
With sufficient strength defend;
Bring us through the evil day,
Make us faithful to the end.

7 Father, by right divine
Assert the kingdom thine;
Jesus, power of God, subdue
Thy own universe to thee;
Spirit of grace and glory too,
Reign through all eternity.

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## ON DEDICATING A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

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*Brewer*—p. 76.] HYMN 615. L. M.

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards these sacred courts in peace,
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade
To fill thy worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise!
And thou descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

*Paris*—p. 82.] HYMN 616. L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

*Luton*—p. 74.] HYMN 617. L. M. Watts

GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our king, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

*Stafford*—p. 142.] HYMN 618. S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

*Brewer*—p. 76.] HYMN 619. L. M.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art king from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high:
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure:
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

*Forty-sixth Ps.*—p. 178.] HYMN 620. 2d P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

HOW lovely are thy tents, O Lord!
Where'er thou choosest to record
  Thy name, or place thy house of prayer,
My soul outflies the angel choir,
And faints, o'erpower'd with strong desire,
  To meet thy special presence there.

2 Happy the men to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
  And in thy house record thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
  The way, the truth, the life of grace.

3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well,
  That flows replenish'd from above;
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
  And each receives the crown of love.

4 Better a day thy courts within
Than thousands in the tents of sin:
  How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine·
His meanest task is all divine,
  And kings and priests thy servants are.

5 The Lord protects and cheers his own,
Their light and strength, their shield and sun.
  He shall both grace and glory give
Unlimited his bounteous grant;
No real good they e'er shall want;
  All, all is theirs, who righteous live.

6 O Lord of hosts, how blest is he
Who steadfastly believes in thee!
  He all thy promises shall gain:
The soul that on thy love is cast
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
  And soon with thee in glory reign.

*Ledbury*—p. 151.] HYMN 621. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

WHO Jesus our example know,
  And his apostles' footsteps trace,
We gladly to the temple go,
  Frequent the consecrated place
At every solemn hour of prayer,
And meet the God of mercy there.

2 His offering pure we call to mind,
  There, on the golden altar laid,
Whose Godhead, with the manhood join'd,
  For every soul atonement made;
And have whate'er we ask of God,
Through faith in that all-saving blood.

*Pilgrim*—p. 280.] HYMN 622. 12th P. M. 76,76,77,76.

GREAT is our redeeming Lord,
  In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
  His church on earth doth praise:
In the city of our God,
  In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
  And all his greatness show.

2 For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
  We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
  Thy saving power display:
With thy name thy praise is known,
  Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
  Thy works are all divine.

3 See the gospel church secure,
  And founded on a rock;
All her promises are sure:
  Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
  Tell, to after ages tell,

Fortified by power divine,
The church can never fail.

4 Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

*Bishop*—p. 73.] HYMN 623. L. M.

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have rear'd for thee,
Regard it as thy resting place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 With outstretch'd hands on thee we call,
Prostrate before thy throne we bow;
O let the cloud of glory fall
On all thy waiting servants now!

3 Now by thy presence sanctify
This earthly sanctuary, Lord;
And to its courts be ever nigh,
And here thy hallow'd name record.

4 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answering God proclaim.

5 And when from hence the voice of praise
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
Show thy acceptance of our lays,
By making all thy glory known.

6 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.

7 Now, therefore, O our God, arise,
In this thy resting place appear;
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

*Litchfield*—p. 90.] HYMN 624. L. M.

TO thee, thou high and lofty one,
First in the glorious trinity,
And thou, the great co-equal Son
And Holy Spirit, unto thee,
Whose rays combined, fill boundless space,
Who dwelleth in immensity—
We come to consecrate this place,
That it henceforth thy rest may be.

2 Assembled here before thy throne,
Thy congregated people wait;
A people who thy power have known,
And own thy name exceeding great.
We wait, and lo! each anxious gaze,
And ardent prayer, is unto thee!
Descend as in the ancient days,
And let us now thy glory see.

3 O! may that consecrated ray
Which from the Godhead's splendours shine,
Its hallowing presence now display,
And prove this tabernacle thine.
May thousands yet with joy confess
This is indeed a house of prayer,
God doth this sanctuary bless,
And guard it with peculiar care.

4 And ever may this sacred glow
In these thy holy courts abide,
That all assembled here may know
That they in thy pavilion hide.
And while we now our offering bring,
To dedicate it to thy name,
O'ershadow us as with thy wing,
Thyself our answering God proclaim.

## ANNIVERSARY HYMNS—MISSIONARY.

*Irene*—p. 307.] HYMN 625. 20th P. M. 66,77,77.

JESUS, my God and king,
Thy regal state I sing:
Thou and only thou art great,
High thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sovereign potentate,
Bless'd, immortal, thou alone.

2 Essay your choicest strains,
The King Messiah reigns!
Tune your harps, celestial choir,
Joyful all your voices raise;
Christ, than earth-born monarchs higher,
Sons of men and angels, praise.

3 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power, he rules alone:
Veil your eyes and prostrate fall;
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the cause, the Lord of all!

4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire;
Praise doth all to Christ belong:
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire;
Earth repeat the glorious song.

5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee shall bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

6 Wisdom is due to thee,
And might and majesty;

Thee in mercy rich we prove:
Glory, honour, praise receive;
Worthy thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.

7 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign:
One with thine almighty sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own.

*Southampton*—p. 207.] HYMN 626. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

EARTH, rejoice, our Lord is king!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven!
Every knee to him shall bow;
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesus' praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

4 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them:
God with us, we cannot fear,
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

5 Lo! to faith's enlighten'd sight
All the mountain flames with light;
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

6 Our Messias is come down,
Claims the nations for his own,
Bids them stand before his face,
Triumph in his saving grace.

*Siberia*—p. 240.] HYMN 627. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

COME, thou conq'ror of the nations,
Now on thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
Stablish thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransom'd nations are;
Let the heathen fall before thee,
Let the isles thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head;
But thine essence
None, except thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestow'd,
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God:
Flesh thy vesture,
Dipp'd in thy own sacred blood.

5 Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne th' Almighty's indignation,
Quench'd the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.

6 On thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world thy heavenly name,
That, with loving wonders smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb;
All adore thee,
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.

7 Honour, glory, and salvation,
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

*Sicily*—p. 122.] HYMN 628. S. M.

FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd.
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.
2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace,
And new-discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.
3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
While gather'd in by thee
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thy co-equal Son.

*Danvers*—p. 100.] HYMN 629. L. M.

HEAD of thy church, whose Spirit fills,
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole:

2 "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
"Come, Lord," the bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

3 Pour out the promised gift on all,
Answer the universal "Come!"
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow,
Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.

5 O for thy truth and mercy's sake
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And cause the world to know thy name.

*Elliott*—p. 152.] HYMN 630. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

ETERNAL Lord of earth and skies,
We wait thy Spirit's latest call:
Bid all our fallen race arise,
Thou who hast purchased life for all;
Whose only name to sinners given,
Snatches from hell, and lifts to heaven.

2 The word thy sacred lips has past,
The sure irrevocable word,
That every soul shall bow at last,
And yield allegiance to its Lord;
The kingdoms of the earth shall be
For ever subjected to thee.

3 Jesus, for this we still attend,
Thy kingdom in the isles to prove,
The law of sin and death to end,
We wait for all the power of love,
The law of perfect liberty,
The law of life which is in thee.

4 O might it now from thee proceed,
With thee into the souls of men!
Throughout the world thy gospel spread;
And let thy glorious Spirit reign,
On all the ransom'd race bestow'd;
And let the world be fill'd with God!

*Stonefield*—p. 99.] HYMN 631. L. M.

LET Sion in her king rejoice,
Though Satan rage and kingdoms rise,
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought!
What desolations he hath made!

3 From sea to sea, through all their shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name:

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
Exalted over all the lands;
I will be known and fear'd abroad;
For still my throne in Sion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty king!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall rest secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

*Marion*—p. 162.] HYMN 632. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
The terrors of the Lord display;

Out of their sins the nations shake,
  Tear their vain confidence away;
Conclude them all in unbelief,
And fill their hearts with sacred grief.

2 Of judgment now the world convince,
  The end of Jesus' coming show;
To sentence their usurping prince,
  Him and his works destroy below;
To finish and abolish sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.

3 Then the whole earth again shall rest,
  And see its paradise restored;
Then every soul in Jesus blest,
  Shall bear the image of its Lord,
In finish'd holiness renew'd,
Immeasurably fill'd with God.

4 O wouldst thou bring the final scene,
  Accomplish the redeeming plan,
Thy great millennial reign begin;
  That every ransom'd child of man,
That every soul, may bow the knee,
And rise to reign with God in thee!

*Rothwell*—p. 109.] HYMN 633. L. M. Watts

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
  In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
  We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
  And night and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
  Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
  Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
  It touch'd and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
  Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
  That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great sun of righteousness, arise,
  Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
  Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

*Gilead* p. 264.] HYMN 634. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76

SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
  To bless our earth again,
Now assume thy royal power,
  And o'er the nations reign:
Christ, the world's desire and hope,
  Power complete to thee is given;
Set the last great empire up,
  Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where they all thy laws have spurn'd,
  Thy holiest name profaned,
Where the ruin'd world hath mourn'd
  With blood of millions slain:
Open there th' ethereal scene,
  Claim the heathen tribes for thine;
There the endless reign begin
  With majesty divine.

3 Universal Saviour, thou
  Wilt all thy creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
  And every tongue confess:
None shall in thy mount destroy;
  War shall then be learn'd no more:
Saints shall their great king enjoy,
  And all mankind adore.

4 Then according to thy word,
  Salvation is reveal'd!

With thy glorious knowledge, Lord,
The new-made earth is fill'd:
Then we sound the mystery,
The depths and heights of Godhead prove,
Swallow'd up in mercy's sea,
For ever lost in love.

*Castle-st.*—p. 102.] HYMN 635. L. M.

THE law and prophets all foretold
That Christ should die, and leave the grave;
Gather the world into his fold,
The church of Jews and Gentiles save.
2 Yet by the prince of darkness bound,
The nations still are wrapt in night;
They never heard the joyful sound,
They never saw the gospel light.
3 Light of the world, again appear
In mildest majesty of grace,
And bring the great salvation near,
And claim our whole apostate race.

*Jeshurun*—p. 137.] HYMN 636. S. M.

JESUS, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.
2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole:
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

*Haddam*—p. 183.] HYMN 637. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

SAVIOUR, we know thou art
  In every age the same:
Now, Lord, in ours exert
  The virtue of thy name;
And daily, through thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people, saved below
  From every sinful stain,
Shall multiply and grow,
  If thy command ordain;
And one into a thousand rise,
And spread thy praise through earth and skies.

3 In many a soul, and mine,
  Thou hast display'd thy power,
But to thy people join
  Ten thousand thousand more;
Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
In life and heart entirely clean.

*Inquiry*—p. 139.] HYMN 638. S. M.

LORD, if at thy command
  The word of life we sow,
Water'd by thy almighty hand,
  The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
  A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
  Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
  Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
  Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
  The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
  For fuller joys above.

*Daughter of Sion*–p.326.] HYMN 639. 28 P. M. 6 *lines* 11s.

LISTEN! O Sion! Jehovah hath spoken,
The Lord thy redeemer commands thee arise;
Far o'er the earth reigns darkness unbroken,
Whilst heaven's bright day-star illumines thy skies.
*Listen! O Sion! Jehovah hath spoken,*
*The Lord thy redeemer commands thee arise.*

2 Rise to their rescue! lo! error is stealing,
O'er souls thy redeemer has bought for his fold!
View Calvary's scenes! are they not appealing?
The light thence enkindled, O bid them behold.

3 Christian, awaken! thy darkness hath vanish'd,
Thy sky has been lit by its radiant glow;
Joy that the shades that enwrapt thee are banish'd,
And hasten that all may thy blessedness know.

4 Rouse thee to action, thy Saviour is pleading,
Look upward, the strength of the mighty is thine;
Omnipotent faith through Christ interceding,
Will soon bid the world in God's image to shine.

*Miss.Hymn*—p.322.] HYMN 640. 26th P. M. 76,76,76,76.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

*Wayne*—p. 107.] HYMN 641. L. M.

LORD, haste to claim thy purchased right,
The nations ransom'd by thy Son;
Thy arm make bare, and by its might
Gather earth's kingdoms into one.
2 Thine eye of light, with piercing beam,
Sees where dark error's children lie;
From which to rescue and redeem
Thy Son, thine only Son did die.
3 O Father! glorify thy Son,
O magnify thy wond'rous grace;
And claim what by his death was won,
The whole of Adam's fallen race.
4 We dare not doubt thy gracious will,
Thou mighty, merciful, and just!
But haste, O hasten to fulfil
Thy word, in which thy servants trust!
5 Earnest they long, and wait, and pray,
To see that time by prophets told;
When nations new-born in a day,
Shall be ingather'd to thy fold.

## ANNIVERSARY—BIBLE SOCIETY.

*New Sabbath*—p. 92.] HYMN 642. L. M.

GO, holy book! thou word divine,
  Of him who spake as man ne'er spake,
Go! for omnipotence is thine,
  And to thy truths the nations wake.
2 Go—and wherever man hath trod,
  Where there is one for whom Christ died,
Open the treasures of our God,
  And tell them of the crucified.
3 Fly—fly on wing of angel-speed,
  And bear the news of dying grace,
Say, Jesus is the Christ indeed,
  And ransom'd ALL the human race.
4 The veil of ignorance shall rend,
  And light shall pierce through error's night,
And idols of the earth shall bend
  Beneath the glory of thy might.
5 Onward in thy triumphant way,
  Thou message of the holy one,
Thy truth shall usher in the day,
  The reign of God's beloved Son.

*Leyden*—p. 107.] HYMN 643. L. M.

THE God of heaven reveals to man
  His holy will, his word of grace;
Containing the most glorious plan,
  That saves from death the fallen race:
The long-condemn'd it hath reprieved,
  It is to all the wide world o'er—
Ye who its record have received,
  O! bid it pass from shore to shore.
2 Ah! can the Christian, who hath known,
  Its high-commanding charity,
On whom this light of life hath shone,
  In death's deep shade his brother see,

Nor send to him this only ray
  That beams from Deity on earth,
To show to dying man the way
  That leads to an immortal birth?
3 It cannot be—the voice of blood,
  A brother's blood, would loudly call;
And incensed Heaven command the flood
  Of gather'd vengeance quickly fall:
This light shall spread; though man may hide,
  All earth must see—'tis Heaven's intent—
Its truths will triumph far and wide,
  Performing whereunto 'twas sent.

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## ANNIVERSARY—SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

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*Wayne*—p. 107.] HYMN 644. L. M.

AS wave on wave years pass away,
And in their flight returns the day;
When in thy house, O Lord! to thee,
We raise the voice of melody.
2 To thy great name, O God! belongs
Our manhood, youth, and infant songs;
And join'd in chorus, here we raise
One loud hosanna to thy praise.
3 On wings of light swift mounting high,
O may our lay ascend the sky,
There find acceptance at thy throne,
And God our annual festal own.
4 We here present our charge to thee,
O! as in thy humanity,
May they be to thy bosom prest,
And with preserving grace be blest.
5 And as each year its bounds hath past,
May more ingatherings than the last
Crown our frail efforts in this cause,
And meet a smiling Heaven's applause.

*Randall*—p. 16.] HYMN 645. C. M.

MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honour of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

*Darwell*—p. 187.] HYMN 646. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

*Children.*

COME let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

*Congregation.*

To God alone your praise belongs:
His love demands your earliest songs.

*Children.*

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:

*Congregation.*

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

*Children.*

3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wand'ring feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

*Congregation.*

To God alone your off'rings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

*Children.*

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

*Congregation.*

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

*Both.*

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee
Now, and through all eternity.

*Oliphant*—p. 239.] HYMN 647. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

THOU, who didst with love and blessing
Gather Sion's babes to thee,
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
These, the babes of Sion, see;
Bless the labours
That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon the weak endeavour,
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Lo! they rise,—to live for ever!
Train, O! train them for the sky.
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Sion's nursery.

3 Let no self-applauding feeling,—
Naught of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing,
Poison what our hands have done,
Raise the motives,
Sink the pride of every one.

4 Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These should give our zeal direction,
And prevent its growing cold;
Or support us,
E'en if blessing thou withhold.

5 Yet with humble fervour bending,
We that blessing would entreat:
On the youthful heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet:
Still to Sion,
Guide the young disciples' feet.

6 Then, when long we both have slumber'd
Side by side in common dust,
With thy ransom'd people number'd,
With th' assembly of the just,
Child and teacher,
Saviour! own our humble trust.

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## FOR ASCENSION DAY.

630

*Spaulding*—p. 206.] HYMN 648. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;

Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the king of glory in!"

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conq'ror over death and sin;
Take the king of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

6 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7 Master, (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

10 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

*Wilmot*—p. 210.] HYMN 649. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

2 Ye that round our altars throng,
Listening angels, join the song;
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

3 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

*Gilead*—p. 264.] HYMN 650. 11th. P.M. 76.76.77.76.

FATHER, God, we glorify
  Thy love to Adam's seed;
Love that gave thy Son to die,
  And raised him from the dead:
Him for our offences slain,
  That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again,
  The Saviour of mankind.

2 By thy own right hand of power
  Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty conqueror
  Thy people to redeem:
King of saints and prince of peace,
  Him thou hast for sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to bless,
  And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
  The gift unspeakable;
Now in every waiting heart
  Thy glorious Son reveal:
Quicken'd with our living Lord,
  Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restored,
  And bless thee in the skies.

*Calcutta*—p. 72.] HYMN 651. L. M.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
  To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
Since all the notes that angels sing
  Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he who once was slain,
  The prince of peace, that groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
  At his almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due
  Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
  Though he was charged with madness here.

4 Immortal praises must be paid
  Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
  And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Honour for ever to the Lamb
  Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain;
Let angels bless his sacred name,
  And every creature say, AMEN!

*Darwell*—p. 187.] HYMN 652. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s

GOD is gone up on high,
  With a triumphant noise,
The clarions of the sky
  Proclaim th' angelic joys!

Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's king.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's king.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's king.

4 High on his holy seat
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's king.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's king.

6 Till all the earth renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's king.

## CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

*Kingswood*—p.277.] HYMN 653. 12th P.M. 76,76,78,76.

COMING through our great high priest,
We find a pard'ning God:
Jesus' spirit in our breast
Bears witness with the blood;
Speaks our Father pacified
Toward every soul that Christ receives,
Tells us, once our surety died,
And now for ever lives.

2 Christ for ever lives to pray
For all that trust in him;
I my soul on Jesus stay,
Almighty to redeem:
He shall purify my heart,
Who in his blood forgiveness have,
All his hallowing power exert,
And to the utmost save.

3 Basis of our steadfast hope,
Saviour, thy ceaseless prayer
Sanctifies and lifts us up
To meet thee in the air;
Yes, thine interceding grace
Preserves us every moment thine,
Till we rise to see thy face,
And share the throne divine.

## THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

*St. Peter's*—p. 75.] HYMN 654. L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with the fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.

3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had enter'd heaven;
Had now obtain'd the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the guest divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

*Gloucester*—p. 156.] HYMN 655. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

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## THE PROMISED COMFORTER.

*Park-street*—p. 97.] HYMN 656. L. M.

JESUS, we on the words depend,
  Spoken by thee while present here,—
"The Father in my name shall send
  The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
  Now, Lord, in us, e'en us, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
  To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly teacher of mankind,
That guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind.
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin!

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like thee

*Peterborough*—p. 18.] HYMN 657. C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 "My Father God!" that gracious sound
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's love
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a witness so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And "Abba, Father," humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

*Dedication*—p. 309.] HYMN 658. 20th P. M. 66,77,77.

ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into thy meanest home;
From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift:
Giver, Lord, of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give thyself, the Comforter.

3 Our ruin'd souls repair,
And fix thy mansion there:
Claim us for thy constant shrine,
All thy glorious self reveal,
Life, and power, and love divine,
God in us for ever dwell.

*Benjamin*—p. 219.] HYMN 659. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

FATHER, glorify thy Son;
Ans'ring his all-pow'rful prayer,
Send that intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesus' name.

2 Then by faith we know and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace:
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
With us while unseen he stays:
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flows from him alone

3 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?

Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
Truth hath said it shall be so.

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## THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE.

Oliver

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*John-st.*—p. 310.] HYMN 660. 21st P. M. 66, 84, 66, 84.

[For first part of this Hymn see p. 236.]

SECOND PART.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our king,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The prince of peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with the saints in light,
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:

With groves of living joys,
With streams of sacred bliss,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

THIRD PART.

BEFORE the great three-one
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wond'rous name.

2 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty king!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

3 Before the Saviour's face,
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

## FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

*Rockingham*—p. 101.] HYMN 661. L. M.

ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

*Creation*—p. 153.] HYMN 662. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

2 How often, when his arms were bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared!
"Let me alone," his mercy cried,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

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O LORD, MY GOD, I GIVE THANKS UNTO THEE.

*Truro*—p. 87.] HYMN 663. L. M.

GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

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## DEATH.

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*Salisbury*—p. 163.] HYMN 664. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

JESUS, was ever love like thine?
Thy life a scene of wonder is;
Thy death itself is all divine,
While pleased thy spirit to dismiss,
Thou dost out of the flesh retire,
And like the prince of life expire.

2 Thy death supports the dying saint:
Thy death my sovereign comfort be;
While feeble flesh and nature faint,
Arm with thy mortal agony;
And fill, while soul and body part,
With life, immortal life, my heart.

3 O let thy death's mysterious power,
With all its sacred weight, descend,
To consecrate my final hour,
To bless me with thy peaceful end:
And, breathed into the hands divine,
My spirit be received with thine!

*Bridgewater*—p. 85.] HYMN 665. L. M.

TREMENDOUS God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
Th' irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of the Most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born only to lament and die.

3 Submissive to thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O. let the messenger be love!

4 Whisper thy love into my heart,
Warn me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend.

*Gloucester*—p. 156.] HYMN 666. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

I CALL the world's redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know;
Who bought my soul with blood divine,
Jesus, shall reappear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

2 Then the last judgment day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

3 In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord,
See with ineffable delight:
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

*Providence*—p. 276.] HYMN 667. 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76.

MAY not a creating God,
Who built this house of clay,
Re-inspire the breathless clod,
In his appointed day?
From the dust he form'd us man,
And shall we circumscribe his power?
Doubtless the Almighty can
Our moulder'd dust restore.

2 He who breathed into our earth
The breath of life divine,
By a new celestial birth
Can God and sinners join!
Will a quick'ning Spirit become,
Our souls extinct again to raise,
Call'd out of our nature's tomb,
To live the life of grace.

3 Dead in sins and trespasses,
Jesus his people saves;
Lord, by faith we thee confess,
The opener of our graves;
Joyfully the pledge receive
Of blissful immortality,
Sure our bodies too shall live
For ever one with thee.

*Waverly*—p. 72.] HYMN 668. L. M.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares that rack his mind;

He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

*Sion*—p. 252.] HYMN 669. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Sion above,
The mother of spirits distrest!
That city of God the great king,
Where sorrow and death are no more;
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.
2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.
3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.
4 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud,

And echo the joys of the skies,
  And shout to the trumpet of God.

HYMN 670. L. M.

*To be sung at sea.*

FIRST PART.

LORD of the wide, extensive main,
  Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
  Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

2 For thee we leave our native shore,
  (We whom thy love delights to keep,)
In other climes thy works explore,
  And see thy wonders in the deep.

3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
  Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
  Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,
  We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
  And lost in thine immensity.

5 Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore,
  Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
  Unfathomable depths of love.

SECOND PART.

INFINITE God, thy greatness spann'd
  These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
  The measured waters sink and rise!

2 Thee to perfection who can tell!
  Earth and her sons beneath thee lie
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
  And less than nothing in thine eye.

3 Yet, in thy Son, divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat,
Our advocate hath placed us there.
4 With him we are gone up on high,
Since he is ours, and we are his;
With him we reign above the sky,
We walk upon our subject seas.

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## IMMORTALITY.

*Fountain*—p. 29.] HYMN 671. C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3 I ask them whence their victory came·
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

*Sharon*—p. 266.] HYMN 672. 11th P.M. 76,76,77,76.

WHERE shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
They mount above the sky,

To that bright celestial place;
  There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
  Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are enter'd there,
  Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
  And sighing is no more;
Subject then to no decay,
  Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
  And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
  Their highest joy, shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
  To know, and love, and see:
With that beatific sight
  Glorious ecstasy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
  And makes a heaven of heaven.

4 Him beholding face to face,
  To him they glory give,
Bless his name and sing his praise,
  As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
  Thus employ'd in heaven they are.
Lord, receive my happy soul
  With all thy servants there!

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## FAMILY RELIGION.

*Forest*—p. 76.] HYMN 673. L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be still sustain'd.

2 To God most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come,
And sanctify our humblest home.

3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 So may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

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## BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

—— 700

*Eaton*—p. 154.] HYMN 674. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

GOD of eternal truth and love,
  Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve,
  The child baptized into thy name,
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
  If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
  And let thy grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
  In present and eternal good;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
  Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,
Now to this favour'd child be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 In presence of thy heavenly host,
  Thyself we faithfully require:

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

*Crawford*—p. 34.] HYMN 675. C. M.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

*Bermuda*—p. 221.] HYMN 676. 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7s.

LORD of all, with pure intent,
From their tend'rest infancy,
In thy temple we present
Whom we first received from thee;
Through thy well-beloved Son,
Ours acknowledged for thine own.

2 Seal'd with the baptismal seal,
Purchased by th' atoning blood,
Jesus, in our children dwell,
Make their heart the house of God;
Fill thy consecrated shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit divine.

*Belmont*—p. 26.] HYMN 677. C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

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INSTITUTION OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

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*Milo*—p. 77.] HYMN 678. L. M.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang th' apostle's honour'd name;
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms before our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise
Through the long round of endless days.

*Murray*—p. 137.] HYMN 679. S. M.

JESUS, thy servants bless,
  Who, sent by thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness
  Experienced in thy name:
The kingdom of our God,
  Which thy great Spirit imparts,
The power of thy victorious blood,
  Which reigns in faithful hearts.

2 Their souls with faith supply,
  With life and liberty;
And then they preach and testify
  The things concerning thee:
And live for this alone,
  Thy grace to minister,
And all thou hast for sinners done,
  In life and death declare.

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## RENEWING THE COVENANT.

*Zion*—p. 155.] HYMN 680. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

O GOD! how often hath thine ear
  To me in willing mercy bow'd;
While worshipping thine altar near,
  Lowly I wept and strongly vow'd
But ah! the feebleness of man!
Have I not vow'd and wept in vain!

2 Return, O Lord of hosts, return!
  Behold thy servant in distress;
My faithlessness again I mourn;
  Again forgive my faithlessness;
And to thine arms my spirit take,
And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

3 In pity of the soul thou lov'st,
  Now bid the sin thou hat'st expire;
Let me desire what thou approv'st,—
  Thou dost approve what I desire;

And thou wilt deign to call me thine,
And I will dare to call thee mine.

4 This day the covenant I sign,
  The bond of sure and promised peace;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
  Since seal'd with Jesus' blood it is;
That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the cov'nant peace mine own.

5 But, that my faith no more may know
  Or change, or interval, or end,—
Help me in all thy paths to go,
  And now, as e'er, my voice attend,
And gladden me with answers mild,
And commune, Father, with thy child!

*Woodbridge*—p.254.] HYMN 681. 10th P. M. 8 *lines* 8s.

O HOW shall a sinner perform
  The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord?
A sinful and impotent worm,
  How can I be true to my word?
I tremble at what I have done:
  O send me thy help from above:
The power of thy Spirit make known,
  The virtue of Jesus's love!

2 My solemn engagements are vain,
  My promises empty as air;
My vows, I shall break them again,
  And plunge in eternal despair:
Unless my omnipotent God
  The sense of his goodness impart,
And shed by his Spirit abroad
  The love of himself in my heart.

3 O lover of sinners, extend
  To me thy compassionate grace:
Appear my affliction to end,
  Afford me a glimpse of thy face!

That light shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love;
And then I shall cleave unto thee,
And then I shall never remove.

4 O come to a mourner in pain,
Thy peace in my conscience reveal!
And then I shall love thee again,
And sing of the goodness I feel:
Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
My soul shall in all things obey,
And wait to be fully restored,
And long to be summon'd away.

*Dunstan*—p. 96.] HYMN 682. L. M.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possest.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## DELIGHT IN CHRIST.

*Southampton*—p. 207.] HYMN 683. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

HARK, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

*Hinton*—p. 324.] HYMN 684. 27th P. M. 4 11s.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honour'd spot,
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

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## MEETING FOR BUSINESS.

*Luther's*—p. 147.] HYMN 685. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

THOU fount of every good required,
Thou source of wisdom, depth of skill,
Thou who hast our hearts inspired
To seek the counsels of thy will,
O! let our schemes thy impress bear,
Matured with heavenly art and care!

2 To thy omniscient sight alone,
Past, present, future, all are seen;
Omnipotence alone hath known
What to his glory most has been,
And what is now, and what will be,
Is only known, O God, to thee.

3 Therefore to thee we turn the eye,
The longing look, the earnest prayer,
Imploring wisdom from on high,
Casting on thee our every care;
The honour of thy cause maintain,
Nor let us ask thy help in vain.

4 Behold, thy willing servants stand,
  And wait thy gracious influence, Lord;
United as a brother band,
  We look to thee with one accord,
Fully agreed in thy great name
To make thy glory our sole aim.

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## MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

*Nuremburg*—p. 207.] HYMN 686. 5th P. M. 4 *lines* 7s.

*On going on Shipboard.*

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

*Euphrates*—p.274.] HYMN 687. 12th P.M.76,76,78,76.

*Another.*

LORD of earth, and air, and sea,
  Supreme in power and grace,
Under thy protection we
  Our souls and bodies place.
Bold an unknown land to try,
  We launch into the foaming deep;

Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy,
With Jesus in the ship.

2 Who the calm can understand,
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of His hand
Our souls securely rest:
Winds may rise, and seas may roar,
We on his love our spirit stay:
Him with quiet joy adore
Whom winds and seas obey.

*Medford*—p. 79.] HYMN 688. L. M.

*The dying Malefactor's Prayer.*

FIRST PART.

O THOU that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace will here be free indeed.

3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown
A faith that purifies the heart.

4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

SECOND PART.

CANST thou reject our dying prayer,
  Or cast us out who come to thee?
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear
  Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 Number'd with the transgressors thou,
  Between the felons crucified,
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,
  Wherefore hast thou for sinners died?

3 For us wast thou not lifted up?
  For us a bleeding victim made?
That we, the abjects we, might hope,
  Thou hast for all a ransom paid?

4 O might we, with believing eyes,
  Thee in thy bloody vesture see;
And cast us on thy sacrifice!
  Jesus, my Lord, remember me!

*Clifton*—p. 23.] HYMN 689. C. M

*Hymn to God the Father.*

HAIL, Father, whose creating call
  Unnumber'd worlds attend;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
  Whom none can comprehend!

2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
  Whom angels dimly see;
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
  And foremost of the three:

3 From thee, through an eternal now,
  The Son, thine offspring, flow'd;
An everlasting Father, thou,
  An everlasting God.

4 Nor quite display'd the worlds above
  Nor quite on earth conceal'd;
By wond'rous unexhausted love,
  To mortal man reveal'd.

5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire;

6 Thy name, Jehovah, be adored
By creatures without end;
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

*Strafford*—p. 308.] HYMN 690. 20th P. M. 66,77,77

*The Trinity in Unity.*

HAIL, co-essential three,
In mystic unity!
Father, Son, and Spirit, hail!
God by heaven and earth adored,
God incomprehensible;
One supreme, almighty Lord.

2 Thou sittest on the throne,
Plurality in one:
Saints behold thine open face,
Bright, insufferably bright;
Angels tremble as they gaze,
Sink into a sea of light.

3 Ah! when shall we increase
Their heavenly ecstacies?
Chant, like them, the Lord most high,
Fall like them who dare not move;
"Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Breathe the praise of silent love?

4 Come, Father, in the Son
And in the Spirit down;
Glorious triune majesty,
God through endless ages blest,
Make us meet thy face to see,—
Then receive us to thy breast.

*Liberty*—p. 146.] HYMN 691. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

"*Te Deum laudamus.*"

FIRST PART.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

3 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the king of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the triune God;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise;
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
T' extol thy majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church to earth's remotest bounds
Her heavenly founder's praise resounds;
And strives with those around the throne
To hymn the mystic three in one.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal comforter.

*Creation*—p. 153.] SECOND PART. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

MESSIAH, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the king of glory art;

The Father's everlasting Son,
Thee it delights thy church to own;
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

2 Bent to redeem a sinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb;
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
Our God, appear'd a child of man!

3 When thou hadst render'd up thy breath,
And, dying, drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies,
That all who trust in thee alone
Might follow, and partake thy throne.

4 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign;
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine;
And thou with judgment clad shalt come,
To seal our everlasting doom.

5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our sins away!
Before thou as our judge appear,
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood.

6 Hallow and make thy servants meet,
And with thy saints in glory seat;
Sustain and bless us by thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all thy church shall chant above
The new eternal song of love.

*Gloucester*—p. 156.] THIRD PART. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s.

SAVIOUR, we now rejoice in hope,
That thou at last wilt take us up;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name;
And wait thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.

2 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below;
And ever mightily defend,
And save thy servants to the end.

3 Still let us, Lord, by thee be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest:
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
The weakest soul that trusts in thee;
And never let me lose thy love,
Till I, even I, am crown'd above.

*Antigua*—p. 81.] HYMN 692. L. M.

*The Glory of God.*

GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' almighty three, th' eternal one,
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine:
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds and moves their frame;
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
  To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
  And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
  Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
  None but thy word can speak thy name.

*Grove*—p. 186.] HYMN 693. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

*The Greatness and Condescension of God.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
  His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
  Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
  Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
  To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
  Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
  And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign king
  Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
  My father and my friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

*Pilesgrove*—p. 95.] HYMN 694. L. M.

*The earthly and the heavenly Sabbath.*

LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

*Lancaster*—p. 86.] HYMN 695. L. M.

*The same Subject.*

AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

2 This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice:
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

*Neginoth*—p. 171.] HYMN 696. 1st P. M. 6 *lines* 8s

*The Goodness of God acknowledged.*

FAR as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise,
To thee thy various works shall raise;
Thy saints to thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

2 They chant the splendours of thy name,
Delighted with the wondrous theme;
And bid the world's wide realms admire,
The glories of th' almighty Sire,
Whose throne all nature's wreck survives,
Whose power through endless ages lives.

3 From thee, great God, while every eye
Expectant waits the wish'd supply,
Their bread, proportion'd to the day,
Thy opening hands to each convey;
In every sorrow of the heart
Eternal mercy bears a part.

4 Who ask thine aid with heart sincere,
Shall find thy succours ever near;
To thee their prayer in each distress,
Thy suffering servants, Lord, address;
And prove thee, verging on the grave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

*Park-street*—p. 97.] HYMN 697. L. M.

*The Condescension of God.*

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, display'd;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race;
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace?

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal th' abode for ever thine.

5 O king of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

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